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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Tours in Upper India, &c.* By Major Archer. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

A short review must, in this instance, do for a long journey; for we received this work too late for a notice as long as the route it traces in so agreeable a manner. We have had many pleasant publications relative to India lately, and, at more remote times, two or three which took us to the hills near the source of the Sutledge river; but we do not know one, in respect to this interesting region, that has afforded us more lively pictures of customs and manners. We will, therefore, (with the leave of our readers) leave the low countries of Hindostan, and leap at once to the mountains' tops.

"The scenery about Pecca is very beautiful; the mountains on the opposite side of the river are lofty and precipitous; the chasms and glens are deep and impenetrable to all but bears, of which there are great numbers. In winter, their visits to the villages are frequent in quest of honey; and, according to the report of a traveller, and one acquainted with their habits, these said bears scruple not to attack the houses in which the hives are placed for security. Every house has, towards the south, two or three, sometimes many more, pieces of wood, thick and strong, and about a foot square, let into the stone walls. At the bottom of each piece a hole is cut for ingress and egress of one bee at a time. The bees hive on the inside of the wall, and there the honey and comb is affixed. Our informant mentioned, so great was the avidity of the bears for honey, and so determined were they to gratify their sweet tooth, that they literally armed themselves with big stones, and smashed the *windys* (as Paddy would say), and then helped themselves. It being our first journey into these parts, we were bound to acknowledge the information as 'quite correct'; but upon going to see honey taken from the hives, we were fain to suppose the assailants must have had a hard job, and have worked for their money—no, honey."

Of the Eastern priests and their doings, the following are curious particulars:—

"Oct. 8.—Visited a Bramin village over the river, which was crossed by a simple bridge of two springy trees, and rough planks laid across them, but not having any railway to steady the steps. This village instanced the care which the sacerdotal orders in the East take for their comfort and good. It was a neat, clean, and substantial place, in all acceptations of those words. These Bramin villages pay no rent of any kind to the state; they live on the granted lands, but are obliged to keep the temples in repair, to furnish all the implements, and to take care of the godships within it. These are small brass images, with nether garments in the shape of petticoats. They are carried in procession on certain occasions, and the ceremonies belonging to them are performed twice a day. Mahadeo is the great god of the mountaineers."

"In the afternoon we went down to the

temple, the priests, at our solicitation, having agreed (odd and irreverend as it may be deemed) to give the gods a dance. After the prefatory drumming and sounding of horns, two divinities were brought forth, and 'strange gods' they were. These were fashioned as nearly as follows:—A circular piece of brass, about ten inches deep, and a foot and a quarter in diameter, like a broad hoop, had round it several faces of divinities *in alto relievo*, about six inches long; a large quantity of black hair, from the tail of a Thibet cow, was fastened to the top, and fell down like the fashion called mop-curls of a lady; below this hoop, and fastened to it, depended clothes in the shape of petticoats, of ample dimensions, made of silk and cotton cloths. On a frame, consisting of two poles, with a cross piece, having in the centre a spindle fixed to it, the figure was stuck, the petticoats coming low down; the poles were, perhaps, ten or twelve feet long, and the ends brought so close to each other as to allow their fitting upon the shoulders of two men. The poles of a sedan-chair, with a platform in the middle instead of the chair, having a peg projecting on which to stick the god, is the nearest resemblance I can find for the machinery. All being ready, a band of instruments struck up such sounds as one might imagine would serve as revelry for the powers of darkness; and if superstition and gross idolatry are two, that which is now recorded was fit music for them. Two men took each of the frames, and resting them on their shoulders, moved to the music in measured steps. The mop of hair and petticoats danced too; the gods jumped about, and now and then most lovingly knocked their heads together. As the men became tired, others took their places, for it was fatiguing work. An unfortunate goat, lean and emaciated, was brought as an offering to the deities; but so poor in flesh was he, that no crowd would have waited his death in hopes of a meal from his carcass. I never saw so miserable a beast; and it struck me that the veneration of the natives for their divinities stopped short of pampering their appetites. The tragic part of the ceremony was now to begin. Some water was thrown upon the back of the animal, and the assembly awaited his shaking his head in a particular way, which is construed to mean, 'the God speaks within him,' and denotes by such sign his acceptance of the victim. On this occasion, having ample cause to be incensed at the attenuated appearance of the offering, he flatly refused, and, *par conséquence*, the goat was immovable. A supposed never-failing resource was then tried. Some water was spilled into the goat's ear; still he was inflexible, and no confirmatory symptom appeared. All this looked badly. The goat, walked about, and much whispering took place as to the probable cause to be assigned for the non-acquiescence of the gods for fair weather to our party to the pass, which indeed was the object and purport of the ceremony. The Fates were against the poor animal, as they have been against all goats

placed in similar situations; and though he determinedly refused to nod, yet it was unanimously voted that he had done so, upon the sole testimony of the owner, who wished to realise a sum for his carcass. I must here testify against the truth of this evidence, which never could have been admitted in any court of law, and which must have been detected, had not the whole party, more or less, been implicated in his destruction. But I was interested in the animal's rescue, and took great care to observe if, by sound or look, he gave countenance to the supposition of his assent; and can seriously and truly aver, that he was not in the most remote degree accessory to his own death. Forthwith outstepped a man with a Goorcha knife, and with one blow the head was separated from the body. The warm tide of life escaped, and deluged the stones; the instruments brayed their dissonance; the crowd shouted, and each made his vow, and petitioned the deity for what he wanted. The head was set apart for the gods, the blood flowing from it having been sprinkled over them, as it was over the musical instruments. The carcass became the perquisite of the priests, who must not have had either weakness of tooth, or queasiness of stomach, to make a meal of it. It was altogether a revolting scene, and once is sufficient to witness the disgusting performance, which, though ridiculous enough in bringing the deities on a level with themselves, was still that of sensual and gross idolatry in the mountaineers."

We now come to a lay proceeding.

"The inhabitants have an odd mode of making, or rather preserving their hay for winter use: they make it into strings of the thickness of a man's body, and then hang them across the highest branches of trees. Another and very inconvenient custom is the huge leaden anklets worn by the women: they are carved, and some we weighed were six and seven pounds each."

The produce of these elevated regions is thus described:—

"The grains are barley and wheat; red and yellow bhattoo, cheenah, khoda. The two bhattoos are in appearance the richest productions of Ceres; the colours, soon after the grains come above ground, are light-purple and yellow, deepening until maturity, when both are of rich and luxuriant hues, really beyond comparison with all other grains. The bhattoo was sent to England, where, in the garden of a friend in the west, it attained a tolerable height, and a near approach to ripening. The next day came a 'killing frost,' and, I am sorry to say, it fell. It is what we term the Prince's feather, or very nearly so; but in the hills it attains a gigantic size. Some fields in the vicinity of Pecca, 8000 feet above the sea, presented the finest specimens, reaching to nine and ten feet high. The stalk and leaves resemble those of the Indian corn, but the head, in which the seed is contained, has the peculiar colour and beauty: this part of the plants measured about a foot long, and as much

in circumference; the shape is conical, with inferior heads branching from the principal one, and drooping like a feather; it is light and fragile, but bears an abundant harvest. The corn is small and round, and the bread made of it well tasted. The flower called cockscomb is the colour of the red bhattoo, and a deep golden that of the yellow; indeed the fields of this grain, glowing with such rich beauties of autumn, might, but for some English partialities, be said to rival a field of wheat embellished with Flora's simple flower the poppy, which, though to a farmer's eye a sight by no means pleasing, as a rural beauty delights every one else. There are other grains in the hills; the oca and phapur: these flourish on the bitter face of the Himalaya, at an elevation of upwards of 13,000 feet. Wheat is sown, but not in any very large quantities. Potatoes have been introduced by the English, and thrive astonishingly well. The natives are fast coming into the use of this invaluable root, though at first they disliked it. In the province of Kanowr, commencing from the northern slope of the Himalaya, and reaching to Thibet, the turnip and grape are indigenous, and the best of their kind. Apples, peaches, and apricots, are likewise in abundance, and very good. On the Hindoostani side of the snowy range, grapes will not grow, owing to the influence of the periodical rains. It is believed that all these fruits were introduced by the Emperor Baber, who, as solace to his important avocations, added a considerable knowledge and love of horticulture; and it is known he brought many seeds and plants from his native country to the south, in hopes of their proving productive. The apricots in the hills are so abundant, that oil extracted from the kernels is consumed in the long winter nights. In Kanowr is the pine called 'neosa,' the kernel of which is a delicious food, and is an article of commerce: it resembles the stone-pine of Europe, if it be not the same. The limits to cultivation of corn vary, but the maximum elevation is estimated at 13,000 feet, a point which theorists have buried deep under perpetual congelation. On the southern face, 10,000 feet is the height. A friend to whom I am indebted for much information respecting the hills, in his numerous journeys in them, mentions having seen grain at 13,600, but so poor and thin as to promise no approach to ripening. Water-mills are used to grind the corn, and it is trodden out by oxen, who have not the benefit of the Mosaic injunction for the animals to be unmuzzled during their work. The forests are on a scale proportioned to the Himalaya; they are noble features on Nature's face. The space they occupy, and the size and variety of kinds, bid defiance to their demolition. The destruction which yearly takes place by natural causes leaves no void; for Nature quickens, and, phoenix-like, rises from her own ashes: in the spring of the year may be seen the young plants from the last year's seed, and there is constantly a succession of trees. The leaves, accumulating for ages, added to the debris of the dead parent trees, have produced a deep and rich mould, of inexhaustible fertility. The first and most useful kind of tree is the pine, of which there are several species. The deodar of the natives is almost a larch; by some it is considered equivalent to the cedar of Lebanon: it grows to 150 feet in height, and to 25 in girth; it is easily worked, and is a durable, lasting wood. The cheel, or keeloo, is found in great plenty in the lower hills. The kyl is also a pine. The bin is an oak, the leaves of it serrated; and there is a kind of oak, which

has leaves like the holly: these two last are difficult to be worked, and are therefore little used. The ash, maple, hazel, plane, horse-chestnut, walnut, mountain-ash, and juniper, are abundant. The rhododendron, according to Dr. Gerard, the friend to whose kind information I with pleasure allude, is of three kinds; one flourishes from 6000 to 10,000 feet, bearing a large red flower; the second from 11,000 to 12,000 feet, with a delicate pink blossom; the third species attains to 14,000 feet, but in the guise of a shrub; its leaves, when rubbed by the hand, and broken, emit a fragrant smell. Rhubarb grows in profusion in the hills, and is an article of large exportation to the plains; ferns, gorse, hollies, honeysuckles, black currants, and barberries, are also in abundance: the two latter far exceed those of Europe in size, and are equal to them in their produce. The mountains, which are bare of forest, are covered thickly with fine strawberry-beds; the fruit, however, in this natural state, is worthless, and only with culture is it available for use. The pears and apples are not good, except from high up. Kotgurh produces some small but excellent apples."

We must now, however, conclude, which we do with a very singular statement:—

"*The Hieroglyphic Drawing.*—Two gentlemen having proceeded on a tour by the valley of the Sutlege, arrived at Shipke, a frontier village of China, where they were civilly received. Seeing the lofty table-land in their front, and finding the people well disposed, they were desirous of prosecuting their adventures into the interior of the country: accordingly a letter was addressed to the governor of Gartope, a collection of black tents near the forks of the Indus, the resort of shepherds with vast herds of shawl-wool goats for pasture, where a fair is held, and the wool sold and transported to Ludak and Kashmir. At this fair many Russian horsemen have been seen. The governor is titled Garpan; he collects the revenue, dispenses justice, and watches over the interests of the state, and communicates directly with Lahassa. With the letter was sent a sword, as a present to conciliate the Tartar governor, (a rather strange sort of peace-making,) and an answer was promised in twelve days by means of a post of horse; in the mean time, the travellers departed. Three months afterwards, a reply was received at Subathoo. The sword being a present from an inferior, was considered an insult, and taken as a challenge to fight; it was returned with the following singular production. This was an hieroglyphical painting, and evinced a very considerable share of talent for such an obscure and insulated region, portraying the Chinese character in a clearer light than all the compiled experience of our ill-conducted embassies. In the floor of the design were five animals, of the form of swine, each having a proboscis, perhaps the nearest resemblance to an elephant their ideas could suggest. Upon their backs was an enraged tiger, apparently master of his prey, his feet planted firmly upon four of the animals, with the claw of one foot stretching to the fifth; but while this trial of strength is being decided, the tiger is pounced upon by an enormous bird, the eagle, or roc, of Arabian romance, his beak piercing the head and having his claws fixed on the elephants, his vast spread of wing indicating at the same time extensive power. In a corner of the picture, as if pressed into it, are seen standing the two 'Feringees,' or Europeans, in the dress they then wore, with a disconsolate eye directed to the table-land. Over their heads was the sword sent,

suspended by a hair, and dripping blood. Close to their feet, and a little on their rear, was a spider weaving a net, and near it a hornet with a mouse, as if endeavouring to catch it; and in front, on the China side, also at their feet, lay a snake half asleep. At the top of the picture, at each end, and above a few striped clouds, were the sun and moon, opposite each other. Such were the features of the painting, and it requires neither much ingenuity nor discernment to discover the allusion to our Indian empire. An explanation of the symbolical figures in the Tartar character was given in the margin below, and a separate production, in substance to the following effect:—"Strength is not given to the elephant proportional to his bulk. The tiger, an inferior animal, is often his successful adversary; but while he may rule over the country of the elephants, his strength and energy will fail to preponderate amongst tribes of another form and habit. Those who desire to live in peace with others, need to be circumspect towards themselves." Other gentle admonitions accompanied the above, which receive greater force when coupled with the oral sentiments of the Chinese at Behur, who plainly told me that empires will best preserve their friendship towards each other at a distance parted by a sea; that we were adventurers without religious devotion, with art and ingenuity in our hands, which were in the end but flimsy weapons against a nation's pride; and that we had enough on the Indian side of the Himalaya barrier to look after. From the foregoing we are led to conclude, that the elephants, or swine with probosces, represented the native powers of India, monstrous and formidable in appearance, yet subjugated by the greater activity and courage of the tiger, symbolically expressive of the British sway in India, who, though rulers of the soil, may yet yield their supremacy to a more favoured race of beings (the Chinese), as signified by the roc, or imperial eagle, covering by its extended wings the whole picture (all Asia); while the sun and moon illuminating the painting, indicated the Celestial protection. The singular position of the two Europeans, with the spider weaving a snare at their feet, the hornet, and the snake coiled up with its head half erect and half asleep, yet watchful for the entangled prey, and the blood-dropping sword darting from the skies, need no comment. The whole design was so novel, and the translation so energetic, that it required no stretch of ingenuity to direct the allusion. Others, more fertile in extravagancies, may be able to account for the number five, and class the animals and the bird with known genera; but in the mean time we may attend to the moral—that success is not security."

We stop only to recommend these Tours in the most cordial manner.

*Constance; a Novel.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

THE worst fault in fiction is want of reality; for, after all, fiction is only another name for the annals of actual existence—arrangement is its only office. To be attractive, it must use, not create, material,—events, characters, feelings, thoughts, qualities, and their consequences, must alike have had their prototypes: exaggeration and inefficiency are its Scylla and Charybdis. The novel, as painting present and ordinary life, the romance, as dwelling upon scenes more removed and imaginative, must equally owe their force and their interest to truth. The event attracts because it happens, the feeling because it has been felt; and herein lies the fault, or

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rather the mistake, of the numberless volumes which are daily passing that "bourn whence no traveller returns"—literary oblivion. Writers fancy that the obvious is the easy, and that what they see every day may without effort be transferred from the breathing and moving pageant before them to paper—and yet this error might be corrected by their hourly experience. One person will return from any given sight, and make you an absolute participator in his enjoyment, by the animation of the description; while another will not convey one single impression to your mind;—and if this be generally true of conversation, how much more certainly is it true of composition! It is a peculiar and subtle talent which catches a likeness, as it were, at a single sitting, and fills in a background; which it is indeed an error to suppose is as easily imitated as recognised. The work before us is of a kind that must be popular as long as human sorrows are touching, or human follies are amusing; it is one of those familiar histories so often occurring, and so rarely told:

"Most think they err, if in their page they fall  
On ought that's plain and natural."

And ridicule, again, is so often vapid to the majority of readers, because confined too exclusively to a passing fashion, or a transitory set. The writer who aims only to amuse, has no real hold on the reader; and hence it is that works of humour have generally survived those of wit, for humour has an indissoluble connexion with pathos. Wit, or to speak more accurately, smartness, is the leading fault in most of our late writers—they have the hope, not the fear, of a laugh for ever before their eyes; and they address themselves too much to the present, and too to a class. Something there is over-much of this spirit even in these pages; personal ridicules are of the lowest order of amusement—they are like John Reeve making a grimace to fill up the dialogue. We protest against the comic effect produced by such epithets as, "the thin-faced Mrs.," "the thick Miss," "the man of figure, Mr.," "the five Misses like yellow daffodils;"—all these are of the flippant school, and of a very inferior order of talent to that displayed in the admirable portraits of those moral vegetables, Mr. and Mrs. Cattell—in the social thistle Mr. Manvers—or in the severer satire of Lady Dartmore, or the poisoned silliness of Dr. Creamly. The narrative is full of interest, from the first sympathy excited by the young and blooming creature, so desolate in her first experiences, from their being wholly unsweetened and unshared by any ties of relationship or affection—to the closing scenes, when her "garnered happiness of many years" melts amid the shoals of envy, false friendship, and dangerous sentiment. Constance herself is exquisitely drawn—simple, and yet intelligent, with a heart overflowing with affection, which takes but a deeper tone of sentiment from its constrained solitudes; the good impulses gradually developing themselves into principles, the poetry pervading her character evinced in

"All the sweet love of nature, books, and song,  
Which should of right to woman's world belong."

Her fervent and intuitive piety is combined into "a most sweet whole of gentle woman-kind."

And now for a little quotation, the critic's pleasant privilege when it is praise which has to be made good by it. We leave the reality of the following scene to speak for itself, only premising that it is the heroine's future home:—

"Thomas," said the precise Mrs. Cattell, an elderly matron, resident at the borough of Newberry, to her servant, as he brought in the high-necked silver tea-urn, "this water don't boil,

Thomas." The words conveyed no very important meaning, but they were uttered in a tone so different to the apathetic manner habitual to Mrs. Cattell, that her consequential domestic, humoured, as servants were wont to be fifty years ago, did condescend, as he was quitting the room, to turn round and look at her. "She is in a fuss—a miff about something," was Thomas's internal ejaculation, while his audible expostulation consisted of this laconic reply, "This here water do boil, ma'am." "You're quite in a taking, Martha," observed Mr. Cattell, who now came forward into the scene of action, from a high-backed chair, which in summer he was wont to place where he could look out upon the church clock; in winter, to ensconce by the fire-side; whilst a volume of the Spectator, which he was reading through, paper by paper, was placed on a dumb waiter by his side, to accelerate his slumbers at either period of the year. "Thomas won't stand it long, I can tell you, my dear; he's not a man to be run after, nor interfered with." "Bless me, Mr. Cattell, he's stood it these fifteen years." "And if I don't give you satisfaction,—ma'am—" said Thomas, re-entering the room. Thomas well knew that those words always brought his mistress to reason; and setting down the toast at the same time, he retreated, having said, as he thought, just enough. Mrs. Cattell looked aghast, and poured out the tea, tranquillised as if by a charm. To all appearance the old people might have been comfortable, for around them were all the attributes of peace, and the usual accompaniments of prosperity. They sat in a kind of summer parlour, one window of which, by way of a very unusual indulgence, was allowed to remain open about three or four inches, so that the fragrance of the jasmine without was richly perceptible, whilst one or two of its slender sprays were even bold enough to intrude their starry blossoms within the room. The prospect without comprised no greater extent than a flower garden; but all prospects were much the same to Mr. and Mrs. Cattell. Within the room, a neatly arranged tea equipage, on a little pembroke table, bespoke the approach of that social meal, before the arrival of which the cares of the day are usually at an end; whilst through the streams of vapour which issued from the bubbling and hissing urn, the declining rays of the summer sun were playing, gliding the white papered walls of the apartment with prismatic hues. On Mrs. Cattell's brow there sat, however, indications of suppressed discontent. She looked as if she had all the troubles of Christendom working within her small compass of mind. "Thomas won't be here long, nor Mitten neither, if your ward is to turn the house upside down, Mr. Cattell. Mitten won't like to be bringing her up warm water half-a-dozen times a-day, Mr. Cattell; and as to the getting up of her fine linen—" Here the entrance of Thomas again pacified the good lady; her voice dropped, and she looked as meek as a lamb. But his controlling presence withdrawn, her complaints broke forth again. "It was very unkind of Colonel Courtenay to die, and leave you charge of his daughters." "That is to say, very unkind of him to trouble us with his daughters, for dying he could not help, Mrs. Cattell, as I conceit," replied Mr. Cattell, as if he were just speaking the plain truth, and nothing more. "True, Mr. Cattell; but what have I to do with young ladies? They are so bred up, now-a-days, as to be of no use but to play on spinets, and to hem flounces. I don't suppose now, Miss Courtenay could lend a hand to preserves, and would choose weigh out the sugar." "Bet-

ter not trust her, better not trust her, Mrs. Cattell." "I don't intend, Mr. Cattell; but I know all my servants will give me warning. Dubster don't like young ladies; Mitten don't like young ladies; Thomas can't abear them; Sarah's fond of children, but a young lady's another thing."

We add the ensuing remarks, both for contrast and truth:—

"Very young ladies cannot be said to have any conversation. Experience, knowledge of society, acquirements gradually and imperceptibly accumulated, are requisite before a person can be properly said to converse. Our heroine, at seventeen, was a creature rather to look at than to listen to. \* \* \* The female character is, from its attributes, peculiarly under the control of circumstances, and the influence of other and of stronger natures. There cannot be a more momentous condition than that of a young woman under twenty. A fool may win her admiration, and her character becomes, for a time at least, frivolous. Many a noble spirit in woman has been checked by an ill-placed first affection; but if she be fortunate enough to place an early dependence upon a worthy object, the tenor of her life is determined. It is observable, that in youth women cannot understand friendship towards men. Girls never stop at that point. There is always a tinge of love in their sentiments towards intimate associates in the other sex. Hence the dangerous ascendancy acquired by their male instructors, and by other less attractive and less meritorious individuals, over women who have been even delicately nurtured."

We regret that our limits oblige us to give a brief explanation of the next extract instead of the many affecting passages by which the reader is gradually prepared. For some months Constance has been happy in the company of an only and beloved sister; that solace is, however, taken away at a time when her own mind is weakened by the wretchedness of ill-requited affection.

"A clear star-light night had succeeded a day of unparalleled loveliness: the little noises of the town were hushed into stillness; the moon just rising, appeared in crescent form behind one of the pinnacles of Saint Michael's: a planet, of magnificent splendour, gilded, and, as it almost seemed, touched the summit. The work, half finished by Emily, the books they used to read together, the songs she had last sung, lay round, some in the confusion which illness produces on inanimate objects, as well as in the minds of those who witness it, and some, just as they had been left when last the sisters worked, or drew, or played together. Constance sat near the window, which had been partly opened, to revive her from a faintness from which she had recently recovered. Mitten stood near, in silence, with a hartshorn bottle in her hand, and a handkerchief to her eyes. Just then, a merry peal, which had been ringing at intervals through the day, broke out from the old tower. Constance, who had heard the sounds unnoticed before, suddenly, struck perhaps by the contrast of her own feelings, asked on what account they were rung. Mr. Bouverie, to whom the question was addressed, averted his eyes from hers, and made no reply. Mitten was, however, more communicative. 'They are ringing, ma'am, for Sir Charles Marchmont's wedding,' said she. The blow, which would at another time have inflicted a pang, fell powerless. Constance wondered at her own apathy; she seemed but to have one cause of sorrow, and that was Emily, and all other afflictions were of little moment. A few



minutes' reflection was, however, given to the subject. 'He is happy now,' thought she, 'and thinks not of me, nor knows of my grief. Constance is forgotten—let it be so.' The train of her reflections was interrupted by the entrance of a person into the room. It was a nurse, who came to summon her to the bedside of her sister. Emily's consciousness had returned—she had asked to see Constance—she had become aware of the disordered state of her dress—she had required that it should be arranged—she had expressed herself sensible of the danger of her situation; fatal symptoms, which are often a prelude to death, and an accompaniment of that gleam of revival which appears as a delusive light before the darkness of the tomb. But Constance was prone to hope, and, perhaps, if she had ever abandoned that delightful but deceitful guide, at the next moment had followed her again. She sprang from the detaining grasp of Mr. Bouverie, who feared the result, and ran to her sister's apartment. A dim light, and a profound silence, still more solemn, reigned in the chamber of death. The nurses, experienced in the indications of the last awful change, stood near the bed, motionless, and fearful of disturbing the last moments of the departing spirit. A gleam of light fell upon the altered face of the dying girl. Emily was calm, but it was the calm which denotes the extinction of vital energy. Her eyes were as the glassy waters which are unruined by the slightest breeze. She knew the voice of her sister, but the power to welcome her was gone. Constance, however, as she knelt down to kiss the emaciated hand which rested like monumental marble on the bed, perceived that her fond pressure was returned. She raised her eyes with emotions of gratitude and rapture to God: Alas! the sad reverse that followed was the more poignant. Emily was sinking, and a few minutes closed her existence. Long, long after, it was the consolation upon which Constance dwelt, that her sister had expired in her arms, and was sensible of her presence. Feeble consolation! for with that reflection was recalled the image of her sister yielding to the grasp of death, the wreck which pain and delirium had left of what was once so lovely. Yet Constance, with a fondness, for which there was no object left, recurred often to that last pressure of the beloved hand, thought over that dying look, directed, as she persuaded herself, to her, and when the longing came, which comes to all bereaved, to see the idolised being whom we have lost again, were it but for one moment—to clasp it in the fond arms, were it but a fleeting grasp: imagination, too true, painted to her Emily, not buoyant in the bloom of youth, but in those agonies, extending that once fair hand, and fixing upon her that last affectionate but piteous look."

Among the characteristics of this work is a keen feeling of the beauties of nature, without being wearied by description; the most touching scenes take an added grace from the natural loveliness more indicated than delineated: and we leave *Constance*, in the conviction that the work will be a favourite with all who enjoy and appreciate a picture of real life, drawn with equal truth, gaiety, and feeling—the three graces of fiction.

*Lives of Eminent Missionaries, &c.* By John Carne, Esq. Author of "Letters from the East." Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 409. London, 1833. Fisher, Son, and Co.

To the merits of the first volume of this interesting publication our page bore ample testi-

mony; and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we find ourselves called upon to speak in equally high terms of the continuation of the work. Pursuing his plan, the author has here presented us with the lives of eight missionaries; and with accounts of two missions, generally, into Madagascar and Labrador. The former relate to David Zeisberger, the Moravian, who explored America in the middle of last century; to J. T. Vanderkemp and Kitcher, who went to the Cape in 1798; to Claudius Buchanan, whose labours were devoted to India; to Jens Haven, well known for his efforts to convert the natives of Labrador; to Mrs. Anne Judson, led by Buchanan's star to propagate the gospel in Burmah; to David Brainerd, another zealous American missionary; and to William Milne, who made China the theatre of his pious exertions. The variety in these memoirs, arising out of the difference in the countries where the events they describe took place, possesses a charm for every reader, even were amusement the sole object in view; but a far superior enjoyment is created by a sense of the widely extended benefits to our species flowing from the devotedness of virtuous, and enthusiastic, and enduring individuals, to the cause of usefulness and truth.

As we before observed, Mr. Carne comes to his task with the genuine spirit which should fill a writer on such subjects. He has travelled too far, and seen too much of the world and mankind, to be a fanatic; but he has, at the same time, been enabled to acquire or confirm strong opinions, and he has developed them with consistency, devoid alike of sectarian sourness or the pride which apes humility. His style is suited to his subject,—easy and intelligent; and where novel information was to be found, he seems to us to have sought it with diligence, and brought it forward with effect. Our quotations must say what more need be said in support of these remarks. As Zeisberger's second visit to the Iroquois is a fair specimen of Mr. Carne's earnest manner, and this memoir is altogether original, we shall begin with it.

"After enduring much by the way, he arrived and lodged in the same house that had formerly for many years been his home. How beautiful is the remembrance of our first dedication to God!—of the first sincere and happy outset in the career of immortality! Once more he was in the place of his earliest mission—in Onondago, the stern yet indelible source of experience, whose simple, yet solemn usages mingled grandeur and ferocity of character—wild virtues, and wilder vices, first acquainted him with the native human heart; while his own severe conflicts and trials gave him the golden knowledge of himself. It was a place full of fear and warning to the timid spirit—of success and power to the bold. And now, all its associations again gathered round his heart. Who is there, on revisiting the wild scene where he has long struggled with his fate, and prevailed, but feels the very aspects of nature to be unto him like familiar friends—even the aged tree, the rock, the stream, once the only witnesses of his hope and despair, his prayers and tears? The river Zinocbas, on whose banks he had often wandered—the valley full of armed men—the forest whose trees he had often felled, beneath whose shadow he had rested at noon—even the dwellings built with his own hands—all told more expressively than words of the rich mercies of his God, who had here been his stay, and, for his sake, had arrested 'the arm of the mighty—the fury of

the oppressor.' With deep emotion he saw the people gather round him. Cold, haughty, and peridious, the dread of the other nations, the Iroquois had been to him mild and merciful; and now they received him even as a brother. The morrow was appointed for the great council, and the flag was already flying there in honour of the guest. The hour came when Zeisberger entered the assembly of 'the great fire of Onondago,' where they had often listened to his words. The prophet and the preacher are said to be sometimes indebted, for the kindling of the fancy and the spirit, to the inspiring scenes of nature; but surely no scenes could be more exciting than that of the hushed assembly of warriors, among whom were the most aged and celebrated of the nation. No ferocity or treachery of look—no stifled or murderous passion, was there: grave in their aspect, free and noble in their attitude, the Iroquois waited for the speech. And Zeisberger spoke well; he painted feelingly the labours of the brethren among the heathen; then dwelt on the future state of the Indian congregations; appealed to their former intimacy with himself; and finally, requested them explicitly to declare, whether they would ratify what passed between him and the Cajuca chief. The principal men then inquired minutely concerning the establishment and constitution at Friedenshuette, and, according to custom, said that they could not decide hastily.

"The Brethren seemed to live in a close and pernicious atmosphere. Many demanded that they should be thrown into the Ohio, or murdered in the night. One of the most striking scenes was that of the conversion of the chief Allmewi. This man had attained the age of 120 years, with every inveterate habit and feeling of the savage. He had given his protection and countenance to the missionaries; but at such an age, in the second century of life, it is a hard and almost impossible thing for the heart to be softened. At last the venerable warrior yielded to the resistless influence of mercy; and, in spite of many scruples of mind, and much opposition from others, resolved to embrace the gospel. He desired to be conducted to the assembly. He seemed full of grief, and strongly agitated, and at length broke out in these words, 'I can bear it no longer; my heart is full within me, and I have no rest night nor day. Unless I shall soon receive comfort, I must die.' His wife and nearest relations were there, who, as well as his friends, were bitterly opposed to this step. But there is something in the concentrated energy of a strong mind, in the gush of feeling and impassioned appeal of the aged, that awes even the boldest. In this fine and renowned old man, it was like a voice speaking from eternity. He was baptized on the Christmas day, and afterwards could not sufficiently express the peace he felt; even the frame seemed to borrow new vigour. 'Not only,' he said, 'my heart is at ease, but my body is even restored to health. I could not have believed that I should enjoy such happiness.'

"It is sometimes observable, that with men who make their home 'in the wild places of the earth,' to whose burning zeal many nations seem too narrow a limit, there is little susceptibility to the warm affections of our nature, which are quenched in a loftier enthusiasm. Howard traversed all Europe to bring comfort to his dungeons, but was a stern father to his only son. The angelic Lopez left his illustrious family in Spain, and went to Mexico, to the valley of Amajac, to devote his life to the Indians; but never after inquired for his



parents or his brothers, because he wished to die to each earthly attachment. It was not thus with Zeisberger, whose way was strewn with many a friendship, deep, romantic, and faithful, as was ever felt by man, and the more enduring, because it was formed in sorrow and persecution. The son of Saul had not so cleaved unto David with 'a love passing that of woman,' but that the latter, encompassed by treachery and death, was thrown helplessly on his protection. And it was not the calmest of peace, his skill in the chase, or the welcome of the night, that knit the soul of the warrior to the Moravian: he came a fugitive and friendless; his heart-felt appeal was heard; and the chieftain who, had he met him armed in the woods, would have thirsted for his blood, admired his sufferings and endurance; stood in the breach against his adversaries; and, after a time, he loved him! But many had now fallen from his side: some he had followed to the wild burial-place in the forest; others had perished in battle, or at the stake. Of his European companions, several had passed the Atlantic to calmer scenes. Frederic Camerhoff, Pylreus, and others, already rested from their labours. His parents slept in the burial-ground at Bethlehem; but ere their eyes were closed by their only son, they had felt the inexpressible joy of seeing him devoted, in his own words, 'soul and body unto the Lord.' His intimacy with Spangenberg, and the admirable Camerhoff, had been cemented in many a pilgrimage: others came in their place, but they were not the same in affection or companionship. Men who live in towns and cities, amidst all the stirring excitements and changes of life, find it easy to form fresh intimacies and friendships; but to one who was a denizen of the wild, far from European society, this was a difficult task.

"Zeisberger lived sixty years among the Indians; and, during the last forty, visited his brethren in the United States but three times. In him the fearlessness and hardihood of the Indian warrior were united with the faith and simplicity of the Christian. When he began to feel the infirmities of age coming upon him, he strove to complete his translations of portions of the Scriptures, and other writings, into the Delaware language. He finished the hymn-book now in use; it consists of hymns of his own translating, and forms a large volume; he left also a valuable Delaware grammar. Gently, and almost unconsciously, old age came on: when he could no longer travel, he visited every home in the settlement, from day to day, with unremitting diligence and affection. But, being visited with total blindness, he rested within his home, and went forth no more. His friends often read to him; and he instructed the younger missionaries. The calamity that had fallen on him, he bore without a murmur: it was a terrible one, even to a man so near the grave. Oh, bitter, bitter is the loss of all the dear and living scenes of nature! The mountain, the lake, the stream, the glorious forest—to see them no more for ever—to see no more the sun rise or set, and his changing hues pass away on the plain. Zeisberger felt the loss above all men: during seventy years his home had been among these scenes; his bed by night, his pilgrimage by day, so that 'they were graven on his heart.' We can fancy how he would love, like the patriarch of old, to sit beside his door at evening, and listen to the rising wind among the woods, and the breaking of the waves on the shore, and feel the last sunbeams on his withered cheek."

He died aged eighty-eight, in the winter of 1808.

Our next extracts are from the memoir of Jens Haven, whose endeavours were directed to the Esquimaux on the coast of Labrador.

"One of the hardest things (says the author) to be given up was their love of drollery, and turning every thing with perfect good nature into ridicule. They are a match for the most practised buffoon in farcical imitations. After visiting an English ship, or mingling in a group of Europeans, they would mould their broad and expressive features, and short and thick frames, into a faithful mimicry of those they had been observing; and, surrounded with a group of their countrymen, peals of laughter and glee would for hours attest their entertainment. The furious gusts of passion to which they were subject, was another hindrance to piety: passing suddenly, when any thing deeply crosses them, from a state of quiescence, into the fiercest anger, they required a stern rein and watchfulness over the temper. The diary observes, 'Kopik had been one of the greatest evil-doers in this country, guilty of the most atrocious deeds; he had grown gray in the service of Satan. The ferocious countenance, which made one tremble at his appearance, is now changed into a mild, gentle aspect. Affliction was soon after laid upon him, and he suffered great pain. We then discovered that he has all along acted the part of a deceiver, and that the many fine speeches, and the tears with which they were accompanied, were the fruits of hypocrisy. This is quite consistent with the character given of him by his intimates; but they durst not open their mouths in his presence. All our kind exhortations and remonstrances were in vain. His impatience increased; he demanded with violent cries that a knife might be given him, to put an end to his existence. Wearing out with his fierceness and vehemence, some one gave him a cord, with which he ended his life.' There were instances of a nature more gentle and impressive. Judith, a young disciple, had laid aside her loved ornaments and diversions: ere long she sickened, and welcomed her last enemy: when dying, she entreated that the white dress should be brought, in which she always partook of the sacrament. She looked earnestly at it: the morning was breaking, and, using the familiar images of her life, 'A short time will bring me,' she said, 'to an everlasting light, where the sun shall no more go down. Trim the lamps, and make the room light and pleasant: the love of the Redeemer is not cold.' Many were the mourners that followed to the little burying-ground; it was January, and the first signs of the returning sun already shed hope on the soul; there was a faint lustre on the icy precipice, and the mountain's head; the gloom and the silence of winter were passing from the earth; a few short-lived and brilliant streaks in the sky, and then an infant glory on the horizon. They removed the deep covering of snow to the mossy grave beneath, in which they laid her in the same white dress. The graves of the believers were very few; the scattered stones were just visible above the fallen snow. No howling was heard, or wild wail, according to the Esquimaux custom, when the survivor comes in the night to the grave, and raises a solitary cry that can be heard to a great distance. They sang a hymn, after covering the bier with green sods.

"The natives," he continues, somewhat farther on, "were rarely visited by famine, having in general plenty of food; the rein-deer, the

bear, and the musk-ox, besides the seal and walrus, and the birds which they entrap: the two former are the most esteemed. In summer they often pitch their tents by the side of the lakes, which abound in the country, and being surrounded by rocky hills, have a picturesque appearance, when, in the month of July, the sun rests on them with a dazzling radiance. The heat is then oppressive. Into these lakes the Esquimaux often drive the deer, and then, pursuing them in their canoes, spear them ere they reach the shore. The scene is highly animating, and would be relished even by sportsmen of more refined lands. The exulting cries of the women and children on the bank, or at the tent-doors; the rapid sweep of the canoes after the panting deer, whose noble antlers are seen towering above the surface, while he urges all his speed to escape; then the blow of the spear, and the death-struggle. The pastures around these lakes afford excellent feeding for the game, which is found here in herds. It is melancholy to see the snows fall in August, and cover the green pastures, and hang heavy on the scanty fir woods, and at last compel the hunters to leave their favourite grounds. Then the fresh and sweet rivulets, pouring from the hills, are quickly converted into solid ice; the shrill and mournful cries of the birds—sweet sounds to the lonely—are gradually hushed; a dense fog covers mountain and plain; and when it breaks at times, what an awful vista is before the eye! Indistinct, moving to and fro in menacing forms, as if the dim spirits of Torngak were there. The sea streams like a lime-kiln; the day perishes fast; and the moon rises with a sickly lustre,—the only watcher over the buried land! In this death of the senses, the fancy often wanders intensely to some long-lost scene, the bright and beautiful contrast of all that is around—to some forest of wanton verdure, of glades and wild-flower banks, and the melody of birds. Often did the Moravians remember the loved retreats and walks around Hernhuth, or Marienborn; even the ancient oak, the waving corn-field, the rank vegetation glowering in the hot hour of noon. These ideal pictures, almost as vivid as if they actually passed before the eye, are an absolute relief and luxury; and the sad dull world, without and within, cannot quell their power. The writer felt this power, when a captive in an Arab camp, in the bosom of a burning valley of sand, where there was no green thing, not even a shrub, or a poor withered tree, to give a mockery of life. Close on every side rose dark and rugged precipices, which could not be passed: it was the hold of despair. The sun fell with a dreadful glare on the white sand; and seeking the poor shadow of the rock, he sought to gather an ideal world around him; it came at his call—a world that no enemy could take away. Woods of eternal verdure and exquisite gloom; even Crusoe's lonely island, with its groves of orange, sweet fountains, and banks of perfume, became almost embodied in this scene of desolation. The cold and fearful homes of Labrador would in that hour have been grateful. Tradition finely points to the mountain of Quarantina in Palestine, as the scene of our Lord's temptation. The summit is a wide and frightful desert, full of rocks, dry fissures, and ravines, with scarcely a cave to shelter the head 'from the heat by day, or the blast by night.' But this summit looks down on a scene of tantalising loveliness and plenty; even the plain of Jericho, the deep and cool fountain of Elisha, wildly gushing away—the rich valley that stretches far to

the lake of Tiberias—the groves of palm, the noble pastures, covered with flocks! What an aggravation to the anguish of hunger and thirst, was such a scene perpetually before the eye, did not the human nature feel that the contrast heightened the intensity of suffering. This mountain is to Jerusalem the nearest scene answering to the description given of a desolate wilderness."

This digression, and allusion to his own travels, has gratified us so much, that we shall take our leave of Mr. Carne's book with the pleasing impression it has made, in the hope that it will produce a similar effect upon our readers, and induce them to consult the original, and derive from it the instruction and improvement it is so well calculated to convey to every well-regulated mind.

*An Essay on Woman, in Three Parts.* By Nicholas Michell, author of "The Siege of Constantinople," &c. 12mo. pp. 140. London, 1833. Wilson.

THIS unfortunate young gentleman appears to be smitten with the disease of versifying beyond the hope of cure. His own lucid intervals whisper their advice in vain, for he immediately relapses, and rhymes again with as much mediocrity and vehemence as before. Again he rushes to his lyre (as in his delirium he calls his halfpenny trumpet), and hurdy-gurdies away, at a deplorable rate, the result of the truth impressed on his memory, and the madness inflicted on his imagination. Hark! he sings to it:—

"What though no sunshine, bright and warm,  
Along thy chords is thrown;  
Though absent Fancy's varying charm,  
And Passion's burning tone;  
And though thy strains the listener tire,  
I spurn thee not, my lowly lyre."

As we are unhappily among the compelled listeners here so truly described, we may as well, and as briefly as may be, communicate our ideas on the matter to our readers.

"Many authors have *saturated* the sex," says the preface; but Mr. Michell, on the other hand, has, as he assures, endeavoured to exhibit the dark side of woman less strongly than her fair side in his sheets. Resolute, in spite of nature and his stars, to be a poet, he has boldly confronted Dan Pope's *Essay on Man*, by his *Essay on Woman*—a much more ticklish subject, and rather above his skill, even as a baby, but far more incomprehensible for his understanding when he has conducted her to adolescence, and afterwards to matrimony. In sooth, however, Mr. Michell is a soft-natured, well-meaning individual. He laments where women,

"In South-Sea Islands writhe beneath the scourge;  
Still deemed by man created to obey,  
Ranked with his brutes, and lorded o'er as they!"

and admires where she

"Calls the snowdrops that adorn the way,  
Herself as modest and as sweet as they."

But his composition, as we have hinted, is not so passable as his natural benevolence. Thus, he tells us:

"'Tis sweet to view the matin beam *unfild*,"

which, as we never saw any beam unfold, we take to be a poetical license. Women, it seems, are the finest painters:—

"Here is the art that bids the canvass glow,"  
and then comes a sad mixture of adverbs,

"Music around her pours a heav'n below,  
While poesy transports her soul above,  
On wings [three] of fancy, tenderness, and love."

Surely the last must be a tail which the author as mistaken, while looking up to the flying

phenomenon. The dark side we have mentioned, is turned thus:—

"Anger, self-love, ambition, thirst of praise,  
Perturb man's soul, and darken half his days;  
Envy and slander, jealousy and pride,  
On woman wait, foul spectres by her side;  
Yet these, oh virtue! bid you beam more bright,  
As stars shine fairest on the darkest night."

Those virtues, however, don't stay in town—

"He who would find a breast ungiv'n to range,  
That weaves no snare, nor languishes for change,  
Must seek the walks where Peace and Reason dwell,  
And Taste refines, and Friendship breathes her spell."

How oft the path do Hymen's votaries miss,  
Who seek in cities matrimonial bliss!  
There crushing crowds bid genial quiet fly,  
And Dead-Sea fruits lure woman's mind and eye:  
Too oft she listens pleasure's siren lay,  
And flings for meteors star-born joys away;  
Till folly chills and flattery warps her heart,  
And social virtues slumber and depart:—  
Her lord more darkly wanders e'en than she,  
And hope's fair planet sets in sorrow's sea."

A tale of seduction illustrates this theory: the maiden is taken from the country, and lives merry enough for a season in the city—but a change ensues:

"Yes, Urban does no more on Ada's charms,  
Another fills his base and faithless arms!  
What anguish pierces Ada's heart and brain!  
Has she then fled her happy home in vain?  
Giv'n for this base return of traitorous love  
Her every joy below, and hope above?  
To Urban's coldness scorn is added now,  
And frowns for fondness darken on his brow;  
He taunts the gentle heart that writhes and bleeds,  
Tramples the flower whose sweets no more he needs;  
Till at her rival's prayer he bids her fly,  
And find some shed to murmur and to die."

In the third part the contents say, "Woman having been treated of in the single state, matrimony next claims consideration," and, lo! it has it:—

"On love's wild wave, no compass and no chart,  
When long hath tost the vessel of the heart;  
By hope's fair gale now swiftly onward borne,  
Now locked within the ice of fancied scorn;  
While oft black doubt hangs clouds along the sky,  
And flash thy lightnings, withering jealousy!  
How sweet, each trial o'er, each peril past,  
To enter wedlock's tranquil port at last!"

The joys of past wedlock are thus contrasted with the wretchedness of a poor nun, in a grated convent:—

"How dark, how desolate, her lot appears!  
Regret and memory bathe her cheek with tears.  
'Alas!—the sight—on me must never more  
Affection smile, or these cold eyes adore!  
No cherub babe will e'er my fondness claim,  
Smile in my arms, and lip a mother's name;  
But here, in barren sorrow must I dwell,  
My couch cold stone, my world a dreary cell!"

To be sure (as the Irish lad sung) it was a cursed shame,

"And a most confounded sin,  
That she could not get out to him,  
Nor he could not get in!"

The Essay ends as follows, with a compliment to the sex:—

"Hail! woman, hail! last formed in Eden's bowers,  
'Midst hymning streams and fragrance-breathing flowers;  
In whom soft thoughts and lighter passions play,  
And sky-born fancy sheds her brightest ray;  
Though falling first from innocence and joy,  
And dowered with charms that baffle us and decoy,  
Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,  
Creation's glory, man's chief blessing still!  
Before thy beauty pride and valour bend;  
On thee, twin nymphs, refinement, taste, attend;  
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons still the sea,  
Sooth'st in distress when servile minions flee;  
And oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,  
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe."

Some miscellaneous pieces add to the waste of paper and printing; from which we select only one example of empty rumblyng; it occurs in "Abbotsford:—

"And is he gone, the enchanter of this scene?  
Cold is that breast late fancy and all fire?  
Set is that star so brilliant and serene?  
Romance! strew ashes o'er thee for thy sire;  
Genius! cast greenest laurels on his bier!  
Britain—the world bestow for Scott a tear!

Peace, Abbotsford, to thee! and him whose fame  
Hath haloed thee with interest ne'er to die!  
Linked with his immortality, thy name  
With Petrarch's venerated pile shall vie;  
Pilgrims from southern land, and o'er the sea,  
Long ages hence, will fondly bow to thee."

In the end, let us express a serious hope that Mr. Michell will publish no more volumes; and that his natural wish respecting Abbotsford may be realised, by the preservation of that beloved monument of Scott in his name and race for ever, as contemplated by the Subscription now in progress.

*Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi, with Remarks.* By a Friend. 8vo. pp. 334. London, 1833. Moxon.

CERTES there is much published, the *cui bono* of which it would puzzle a conjuror to surmise; but it seems to flow from the natural cause, Every Thing after its Kind. Thus, were we acquainted with the productions of lower animals, we dare say we should find memoirs of monkeys by monkeys, biographies of butterflies by butterflies, anecdotes of asses by asses, histories of hens by hens; just as we have here, for example, *Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi, by a Friend*. What there could be to interest a reader in the life of that lady, by gleanings, sweeping, or picking, after the multifarious trifling with which she had already pestered our literature, or been the subject of its annoyance,—after the Bozzian and Piozzian of former days,—we are at a loss to imagine. When removed from the circle, the accounts of which were not unamusing at the moment, though they yield little beyond weak repetition now,—

How she fended, how she fared,  
Nobody knew, and nobody cared,—

except, perhaps, a few associates of no public note, and with no pretension to excite curiosity. It was, therefore, an absurdity to inflict this octavo upon the world; and on perusing it, we are sorry to say the silliness of the execution is quite on a par with the vacuity of the design.

The introductory matter propounds some trash about the author's egotism: "Egotism (it seems) it needs must be in a writer who uses the personal pronoun I; yet surely nothing more enhances the value of any narrative, than that same consequential pronoun. But a man who says 'I did,' 'I saw,' and 'I heard,' is not, on that account, to be stigmatised as an egotist. He must write or speak thus, in the spirit of vain-glory and self-approval, before the odium of coxcombry can justly attach to him; and even then his statements are secure of being much more highly relished than if he had told his tale, like Julius Caesar, or Lord Clarendon, in the third person singular."

Indeed! We should hardly have thought that the personal pronoun could so have beaten Caesar or Clarendon! But the importance of the author's work requires far more prefatory explanation.

"Some apology may be considered requisite on another point; I mean for the apparent partiality, and occasionally an approach to compliment, discoverable in the letters of Mrs. Piozzi, addressed to myself and my family, from which I shall transcribe such portions as seem suited to my purpose. Mrs. Piozzi's nature was one of kindness; she derived pleasure from endeavouring to please; and if she perceived a moderately good quality in another, she generously magnified it into an excellence; while she appeared blind to faults and foibles, which could not have escaped the scrutiny of one possessing only half her penetration. But, as I

have said, her disposition was kindly. It was so; and to such an extent, that during several years of familiar acquaintance with her, although I can recall many instances, I might say, hundreds, of her having spoken of the characters of others, I never heard one word of vituperation from her lips of any person who was the subject of discussion, except once when Baretti's name was mentioned. Of him she said that he was a bad man; but on my hinting a wish for particulars, after so heavy a charge, she seemed unwilling to explain herself, and spoke of him no more. I may offer, as a further evidence of her natural suavity, and of her freedom from those weaknesses, to which so many of both sexes are liable, the following anecdote. She, one evening, asked me abruptly if I did not remember the scurrilous lines in which she had been depicted by Gifford in his *Baviad and Mæviad*. And, not waiting for my answer, for I was indeed too much embarrassed to give one quickly, she recited the verses in question, and added, 'how do you think 'Thrale's gray widow' revenged herself? I contrived to get myself invited to meet him at supper at a friend's house, (I think she said in Pall Mall,) soon after the publication of his poem, sat opposite to him, saw that he was 'perplexed in the extreme;' and, smiling, proposed a glass of wine, as a libation to our future good fellowship. Gifford was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me, and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together.' This, it must be allowed, was a fine trait of character, evincing thorough knowledge of life, and a very powerful mind."

The good-natured damnation of poor Baretti's character in this exposition of Made. Piozzi's benevolence is a highly amusing trait; nor is the naïveté about Gifford's "scurrilous lines," or the old lady's revenge, perplexing in the extreme that tremendous castigator of follies, less entertaining—a moth perplexing a bison! Our author is equally particular about an event, certainly of more importance to Mrs. Piozzi than to any body else, viz., her death; and we extract the details to show how trifles may be magnified by mistaken admiration.

"On the event of her death, which took place in May 1821, and in her eighty-second year, an article was published in a Bristol newspaper, very well written, and, I apprehend, by Mrs. Pennington of the Hot-wells, Clifton, in which her last words are mentioned. They are remarkable; and Mrs. Pennington spoke to me of the scene on the awful occasion, as one of the most striking imaginable. Mrs. Piozzi had lain for some time silent, and as if exhausted, but suddenly sat up, and with a piercing aspect, and slow distinct utterance, said, 'I die in the trust, and the fear of God!' Such words from such a person are replete with meaning, and contain a lesson which should not be forgotten; implying, that neither confidence nor despair belonged properly to a reasoning being who believed herself about to pass into a state of everlasting existence. I feel, indeed, convinced that had she possessed strength sufficient, she would have gone farther into, and enlarged on, the subject of her firm belief as a Christian, and the ground of that reliance which I know she had. It is to be lamented that she did not, for she had much more right to speak on religious topics than many who profess themselves theologians."

But the translation of her looks in her last interview with her physician, Sir George Gibbs, is, in spite of the gravity of the subject, yet more ludicrous.

"Meeting Sir George (says the writer) in about a month after his farewell interview with her, he described to me a circumstance which took place on the awful occasion, of a nature too extraordinary to be disregarded or omitted in this record. When the dying lady saw him at her bed-side, she signified by her looks that she knew him well, and that neither his benevolence nor talents could be of any use; and, unable to speak, conveyed her mournful conviction of her situation, by tracing in the air with her extended hands, the exact outline of a coffin, and then lay calmly down. \* \* \* She was (we are told) short, and though well-proportioned, broad, and deep-chested. Her hands were muscular and almost coarse, but her writing was, even in her 80th year, exquisitely beautiful; and one day, while conversing with her on the subject of education, she observed that 'all misses now-a-days wrote so like each other that it was provoking;' adding, 'I love to see individuality of character, and abhor sameness, especially in what is feeble and flimsy.' Then, spreading her hand, she said, I believe I owe what you are pleased to call my good writing to the shape of this hand; for my uncle, Sir Robert Cotton, thought it was too manly to be employed in writing like a boarding-school girl; and so I came by my vigorous black manuscript.' Her countenance is constantly in my recollection; but could I have forgotten it, I should have been reminded of its striking features by a good miniature of her in my possession. This was her gift to me, in her 77th year, accompanied by some lines of her own composition enclosed in the case containing this valuable memorial. She gave the ingenious artist, Roche of Bath, many sittings; and enjoined him to make the painting in all respects a likeness; to take care to shew her face deeply rouged, which it always was; and to introduce a trivial deformity of the lower jaw on the left side, where she told me she had been severely hurt by her horse treading on her as she lay prostrate, after being thrown in Hyde Park. This miniature is, in the essential of resemblance, perfect; as all who recollect the original—her very erect carriage, and most expressive face—could attest. Sometimes when she favoured me and mine with a visit, she used to look at her little self, as she called it, and speak drolly of what she once was, as if talking of some one else; and one day, turning to me, I remember her saying, 'No, I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty.' I ventured to express a doubt of this, and said that Doctor Johnson was certainly an admirer of her personal charms. She replied that she believed his devotion was at least as warm towards the table and the table-talk at Streatham. This was, as is well known, Mrs. Thrale's place of residence in the country. I was tempted to observe that I thought, as I still do, that Johnson's anger on the event of her second marriage was excited by some feeling of disappointment; and that I suspected he had formed hopes of attaching her to himself. It would be disingenuous on my part to attempt to repeat her answer: I forget it; but the impression on my mind is that she did not contradict me."

We now give one of her best anecdotes, "involving (we are assured) a serious charge against Johnson's dignity of mind, and that of another equally distinguished man. I should observe," says the author, "that this was told to me when but two or three of those most intimate with the narrator were present. I had remarked to her that Johnson's readiness to condemn any moral deviation in others was, in a man so entirely

before the public as he was, nearly a proof of his own spotless purity of conduct. She said, 'Yes, Johnson was, on the whole, a rigid moralist; but he could be ductile, I may say, servile; and I will give you an instance. We had a large dinner-party at our house; Johnson sat on one side of me, and Burke on the other; and in the company there was a young female (Mrs. Piozzi named her), to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive, to the neglect of me and others; especially of myself, then near my confinement, and dimly low-spirited; notwithstanding which, Mr. T. very unceremoniously begged of me to change place with Sophy —, who was threatened with a sore throat, and might be injured by sitting near the door. I had scarcely swallowed a spoonful of soup when this occurred, and was so overset by the coarseness of the proposal, that I burst into tears, said something petulant—that perhaps ere long the lady might be at the head of Mr. T.'s table, without displacing the mistress of the house, &c., and so left the apartment. I retired to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them, I resolved to give a jolt to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him if he had noticed what passed, what I had suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you witnessed the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but, towards a man who gives good dinners, &c., you were meekness itself!' Johnson coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

The whole book is a continuation of what is significantly known by the name of twaddle, or rank twaddle; \* either telling new stories not worth telling, or spoiling old ones in the repetition—such, for instance, as Lord Lytton's ghost affair with Miles Andrews. The following of a good and considerate wife is shorter and better.

"A Mrs. Ramsay, whom I well knew, was a most extraordinary, steady-minded, and gentle-mannered woman, as my tale will shew. She was extremely ill at night; and calling her confidential maid-servant to her bed-side, whispered her—'Jane, I am dying; but make no noise, because if you do you will wake Mr. R. (then sleeping soundly in the same room), and you know when his slumbers are broken he grows nervous, and cannot fall asleep again; but come you in the morning at the usual time, when I shall be dead, and he will have had his full allowance of rest.' And so saying, died accordingly."

What pity 'tis there are so few Mrs. Ramsays! The next is rather old, but may be repeated.

"That Mr. Fox could be merry on serious occasions, is proved by various stories told of him, and particularly by the circumstances attending his duel with Mr. Adam, who shot Fox in the breast; when, instead of appearing alarmed, he smiled, and said he perceived it to be true, that 'Adam had power over every beast of the field.' His friend in the combat was Mr. Hare."

Here are others:—

"A lady once asked me at Streatham Park

\* Here is a letter, for example: "I will not go to the play; I am not half well myself; medicine will be better for me than Coriolanus to-morrow. A. has acted King Lear to empty benches."



to lend her a book. 'What sort of a book would you like?' said I. 'An abridgment,' was the unexpected reply; 'the last pretty book I had was an abridgment.'"

"The Dream of Patris, the poet of Caen, is imperfectly quoted by D'Israeli; here are the verses:

Je songeais cette nuit, que de male consumé,  
Cote-à-cote d'un pauvre on m'avait inhumé;  
Mais que ne pouvant pas souffrir le voisinage,  
En mort de qualité je lui tins ce langage:  
Retire toi, coquin! va pourrir loin d'ici,  
Il ne t'appartient pas de m'approcher ainsi;  
Coquin! me répondait-il d'une arrogance extrême:  
Va chercher tes coquins ailleurs, coquin toi-même;  
Tei tous sont égaux; je ne te dois plus rien:  
Je suis sur mon fumier—comme toi sur le tien.

I dream'd that in my house of clay

A beggar buried by me lay;  
Rascal! go rot apart, I cried,  
Nor thus disgrace my noble side!  
Rascal yourself! the corpse replied;  
I owe you nothing: look not sour;  
Death levels all, both rich and poor.  
Lie still then, friend, and make no more ado:  
I'm on my dunghill here—as well as you."

"A prelate of our church, much admired for his fine understanding, talents, and political liberality, was one day proceeding to take an airing with his wife in their carriage. Just at their setting out, their eldest son, a highly educated and most promising young man, rode up, and desired to be of the party inside. This the bishop peremptorily refused to allow, directing his son by all means to remain on horseback, and ride at the side of the carriage. The youth for a moment remonstrated, but his father insisted, and was cheerfully obeyed. The bishop's lady then begged his lordship to tell her why he so resolutely adhered to his determination of not admitting his son to a seat with them; adding, that in a matter of so much indifference she wished he had yielded. But the father replied that he had not acted without a reason; for that he had been tormented by a dream the night before, when he imagined that he saw his son suddenly thrown from his horse and killed; and that through fear of thinking himself superstitious for the rest of his days, he had persevered in rejecting his son's request. The bishop had scarcely spoken the words, when the horse on which his much-loved son was riding, threw the young man to the ground, and he was killed on the spot. The unhappy parents, the father especially, grieved incessantly for their loss; and Mrs. Piozzi remarked, that dreadful as was the penalty suffered by the unfortunate father, it was a just infliction on a person who had disregarded one of the grand laws in the code of common sense, which prescribes to us never to be obstinate in what is apparently not an affair of moment."

We have now done our best to rescue this partial volume from oblivion. It may amuse a vacant hour, though it hardly possesses a claim to public consideration. The author tells us that he is a townsman of T. Moore; and his best annotation is a sketch of the personal appearance, &c. of Pitt, Burke, and Fox, which shews that he must have arrived at those years when writers are apt to bestow their tediousness upon us in the recollections of what gave them pleasure in former days.

*The Bells, and other Poems.* By John Bennett. 8vo. pp. 290. Ipswich, 1833, Cowell; London, Longman and Co.; Whittaker; Hurst and Co.

WE have already in this sheet treated of one volume of poetical folly; and we have here a still more deplorable emanation. "I can," says Mr. Bennett, speaking of his Octavo, "entertain but slender hopes of deriving any ad-

vantage or gratification to myself from its production, beyond the *useful* pleasures of the imagination, and the secret *satisfactions* which must ever arise from a consciousness of rectitude of purpose," &c.; which is all a decent excuse for scribbling, but no excuse whatever for publishing. "The author has only farther to intimate, as the foundation of his hopes of approval, that he has endeavoured to fortify his facts, *fictions*, and feelings, with the force of truth," which is a pretty piece of alliteration enough, only it puzzles us to guess how fictions can be fortified with the force of truth.

But come we, at random, from the prose to the verse: open, Sesame!

"*Authorship.*"

Woe to the wight who once begins to dip  
Into the crooked path and close defile,  
That marks the cares of editorial toil!  
Ah me! the hidden perils of the trip  
He little knows; for should he make a slip,  
Halting, he will not meet with balmy oil,  
Nor will Dame Fortune greet him with a smile,  
But spectral scorn seen curling on her lip.  
If patience, he, perchance, preserve, 'tis well;  
For lets and fairs still lurk at every nook;  
Some 'deeply drink' of the Pierian brook,  
On native force and wit some fondly dwell;  
But skilful artisans esteem it well,  
Before they make, to learn to move a Book."

To move a thing before it is made is difficult; but let us open again! p. 158, "Three Epigrams," so printed, otherwise we should not have been aware of the fact:

"Said Dick, look where I will, I see no use in riches,—  
Not in another's hands, quoth Ned, for there it hitches."

"A Monument of wisdom Will's, quoth Jack,—  
Aye, but, said Ned, th' Inscription's on his back."

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?—  
Should nurse be mute, the undertaker, he."

Again! p. 237—the last line is enough—

"Not less congenial screams and drum  
Than bristling birch and boy's bare "

is a little more of the favourite figure of alliteration.

Again! p. 248—"To Celia, on her marriage."

"May your children inherit  
Your form and your spirit,  
And each bring you joy,  
Whether girl or a boy."

Curious boys inheriting their mother's form: they might be shewn at the Oxford Street Bazar, with the Infant Hercules, who inherits the form of Daniel Lambert deceased, and weighs about as much as a fat ox.

Again! p. 250:

"Could heaven's wide flood-gates pour forth rain,  
And drown the world with tears again,  
And Noah, regardless, loose his dove,  
Then might I forget my love."

Once more, p. 272—too indecent to quote; and so instead of "Bennett's Bells," as this book is la-belled on the back; we would advise any body who wants to buy it to ask for "Fool's Bells."

*The Dissector.* Part I. By R. Dewey Forster, Surgeon. *The Demonstrator; being an Explanation of the Dissection of the Human Body.* By the Same. In Sixteen Parts. Part I. London, 1833. Burgess and Hill.

WERE it possible that plates could supersede the necessity of actual dissection, we should say that, of all we have seen, those now before us would be the most likely. The design is novel, that is, with respect to the application, as the same has long been adopted to display the anatomy of the brain. The first Part contains the right fore-arm and hand. The plates are so constructed as to exhibit in succession the various layers of muscles, arteries, veins, and nerves, as they come into view in the different stages of dissection. The method adopted is, to cut out of the first plate that which belongs to the second layer, and, consequently, depicted

in the second plate, so that the latter is seen through the first as far as it is visible naturally; and so on throughout, till we come to the bone. The work is equally creditable to Mr. Forster as an anatomist and an artist; and we cordially recommend it to the medical public, and to students in particular, as admirably adapted to supply, in some measure, the present dearth of anatomical subjects. In conclusion, we would suggest the propriety of covering the back of each plate with muslin, otherwise the finer parts are very liable to be torn, unless the plates are turned over with greater care than most students are in the habit of using.

*Old and New Representation of the United Kingdom contrasted, &c. &c.* 18mo. pp. 148. London, Vacher and Son.

*The Parliamentary Pocket-Book for 1833.* 8vo. pp. 84. London, Cochran and McCrone, *Northcroft's Parliamentary Chronicle.* Part I. Pp. 96. Double columns. London, Northcroft.

THE last of these publications is a monthly compilation of the debates in parliament, in a convenient form; the two preceding are lists, &c. of members of the last and present Houses of Commons, varying in some respects from each other, and both useful in their way. Messrs. Vachers' contains the names of the disfranchised places, a return of the old and new, number of voters in places which now send representatives, &c. &c. Cochran and Co.'s give us also the numbers polled in contested elections, and, in most cases, describe the age and condition of the individuals elected. In other particulars these works of reference are nearly alike.

*The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science.* No. VII.

THE present number fully justifies our commendations of its predecessors. It contains a variety of highly interesting and important articles. Dr. Stokes's contributions to thoracic pathology are particularly valuable; and the notice of "Symes's Elements of Surgery" is one of the best specimens of medical criticism, both as to temper and spirit, that we have read for a long time. *The Dublin Journal* is entitled to a high rank among its contemporaries.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. COTTAM on the strength of cast-iron. The application of cast-iron to architecture is of modern date; its strength, at first, was much overrated. It is not so liable to gradual decay as timber, and is more easily formed, but it gives no warning when it fails; hence great care is necessary that the incumbent weight cause no greater deflexion of the bar than is within the elastic power. What is termed the *proving* of cast-iron previous to its being applied to building purposes, was shewn by Mr. Cottam to be accomplished with wonderful precision and accuracy by a hydraulic press, workable by one man, with which the strength and soundness of a bar of great extent might be ascertained. Two or three experiments with the press (it is the invention of Mr. C., we believe) were tried in presence of the meeting, and the moment that the bar became deflected beyond the elastic point, it snapped in twain. In general the strength is directly as the depth and breadth, and inversely as the length. Mr. Cottam expressed

his conviction, founded on experience, that cast-iron is more to be depended upon than timber, and that accidents from failure of the former are of less frequent occurrence than from timber.

This meeting was rendered more interesting than usual by the exhibition of the works of the successful students, competitors for the Society's prizes. Some of the drawings and fruit-pieces are exquisite.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

LORD STANLEY in the chair. — A letter from Geof. St. Hilaire on the structure of the Ornithorhynchus was read. Several specimens of birds and shells, some of them new to science, were exhibited; and Dr. Grant delivered a lecture on the anatomical structure of birds, and especially the mechanism of the skeleton. The lightness of the bones filled with air from the lungs—the shape of the sternum for the insertion of the vast pectoral muscles, on which the motions requisite for flight depend; the humerus, the fore-arm, and hand, with the construction of the ribs and lower extremities, and the differences exhibited in these parts by different orders, with the reasons for such differences, were all entered into with great minuteness and philosophical acumen. The disposition of the hands and feet was a subject of great interest, as shewing the analogy of these parts with those of mammalia, modified so as to suit them to the peculiar modes of life of this extensive class; but still preserving the characteristic outline universal to these organs. The brain and organs of the senses were then commented upon: the near similarity between the configuration of the brain of birds and that of the next class, viz. reptiles, was illustrated by numerous drawings.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. WHEATSTONE on the properties of impressions of light on the eye. The subject was illustrated by a variety of very pretty experiments.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 13th.—Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair. Fellows were elected, and a paper "on the geology of the environs of Bonn," by Mr. Leonard Horner, was read.

#### DRY ROT.

At page 136, we described the remedy for this destructive pest, as stated by Mr. Faraday in his lecture at the Royal Institution. We are farther assured, that timber saturated with a solution of corrosive sublimate, after three years was taken out uninjured, while pieces of the same timber unprepared were quite rotten. The timber is placed in tanks containing the solution, and is kept under the surface of the water by bars placed across. One week is considered sufficient. The solution is formed of one pound of corrosive sublimate to five gallons of water. Each load of timber, whether of oak, pine, or beech, absorbs five gallons of the solution, or one pound of corrosive sublimate. The solution penetrates to the centre of the wood.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

DR. BUCKLAND in the chair.—A paper on the figures assumed by particles of sand strewn on vibrating surfaces, commonly called acoustical figures, by Mr. Wheatstone, was read. More than a year ago, in one of our Royal Institution

reports, a full account was given of the discovery of Chladni, to whom is due the merit of finding out the symmetrical figures assumed by sand and other substances on vibrating plates; we are therefore saved the trouble of noticing the present paper farther than to observe, that if a plate of glass be held by a pair of nippers, have sand thrown on its surface, and a violin-bow made to pass along its edge, as the vibration is, so will be the disposition of the particles in lines. The exceeding beauty and regularity of these lines—the harmony which subsists between them and the vibration—the train of ideas to which this harmony or connexion must necessarily give rise—and the simple nature of the experiment, recommend it to the attention of our readers.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

LORD ABERDEEN in the chair. Mr. Kempe exhibited a model of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and some Roman pavement, rings, coins, &c., lately found in the churchyard; also, a model of Green-street Church, Essex, curiously built of timber, in which the body of St. Edmund is said to have rested on its way to London and back. The description of these articles was deferred. His Grace the Duke of Bedford communicated an account, with a drawing, of a very perfect Roman amphora, lately found near Woburn. Mr. Daniel Gurney communicated some extracts from a household book of the family of Lestrangle, in the time of Henry VIII., with an historical account of the family. Sir Henry Ellis, secretary, exhibited a manuscript book of the time of Edward I., on various subjects; it contained a receipt for making gunpowder, and several other curious passages.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, Bart. in the chair.—The reading of Colonel Vans Kennedy's remarks on the Védānta philosophy was concluded. Two most opposite accounts of the Védānta system, in the opinion of the author, having been made public,—one of which rests on the authority of Sir William Jones, while the other is supported by Schlegel, Ward, and the learned director of the R. A. S., Mr. Colebrooke, in one of his papers on the philosophy of the Hindus, inserted in the Transactions of that Society,—he was induced to think that a further discussion of the subject would not be uninteresting; the question for consideration being, in fact, whether the Védāntikas adopt the system of material pantheism, upheld by the Grecian philosophers, or whether, on the contrary, they have not invented a most refined doctrine of spiritual pantheism, altogether unknown to the sages of Europe. It is this latter opinion which is supported by Sir W. Jones, and of which Colonel Vans Kennedy has endeavoured to prove the correctness in these remarks.

On the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Haughton addressed a few words to the members relative to the paper before them. He explained that the object of Colonel Kennedy was to criticise the essay of Mr. Colebrooke, above referred to; and that gentleman being most unfortunately prevented, by severe indisposition, from replying to the remarks of Colonel Kennedy, he (Mr. H.) felt that it was only due to Mr. Colebrooke to state his opinion, that the gallant colonel had entirely misconceived the tenor of Mr. Colebrooke's exposition of the tenets of the Védānta system; inasmuch as every person who had been in India, and paid the slightest attention to the subject, must

be well aware that all the Hindu systems of philosophy were essentially spiritual in their principles. Mr. Haughton further observed, that Colonel Kennedy was decidedly in error in one point, where he had asserted that the Sanscrit language contained no term equivalent to the word *matter*, whereas Mr. Haughton stated that the word itself is Sanscrit, and quoted a verse in the Institutes of Manu in illustration of the fact. Mr. Haughton concluded by saying, that he had only trespassed on the time of the meeting for the purpose of preventing any impression going abroad unfavourable to the correctness of Mr. Colebrooke's views of the subject, owing to the unavoidable absence of any explanations from that gentleman himself.

#### THE LITERARY FUND.

THE Literary Fund Society held their general annual meeting at their chambers on Wednesday last. The Duke of Somerset was re-elected president; and the vacancy in the vice-presidency, occasioned by the death of the Earl of Dudley, was filled up by the election of Sir John Malcolm,—a compliment equally due to his high literary character, and to his great liberality towards the Institution. Vacancies in the council and in the committee were supplied by gentlemen who had been long on the list of subscribers.

The auditors' report was satisfactory; for, though it offered melancholy witness to the prevalence of literary distress, it bore grateful testimony to the continuance of public liberality. The grants for relief during the last year have never been exceeded for the same period since the birth of the Institution. But the "barrel of meal" and the "cruise" failed not: the benevolence of a gentleman, whose name cannot be too often named, nor too highly praised, the late Andrew Strahan, enabled the treasurers to fund 1200*l.* consols, and to leave a balance in the hands of the bankers of nearly 400*l.*

We cannot close this brief notice without again pressing the claims of this Institution upon every class of the community. There is a mistaken feeling abroad, that to place a name upon the list of subscribers to this Society, indicates pretensions to literary patronage. It is not so:—they who contribute to its funds are but discharging a debt they owe to men, by whose writings they have been amused and instructed, and who having devoted the most laborious exercise of their faculties to pursuits which rarely lead to independence, naturally look in times of trial, and in the decline of life more especially, for some assistance from those who have reaped the benefit of their labours. Every man, therefore, who can enjoy wholesome literature, and afford a guinea, will find his benevolence wisely exercised in subscribing to the Literary Fund.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

It seems to have been a fortunate thing for St. Martin's Church, for the beauty of the metropolis, for the fine arts, and for the country, that the architect employed to build the National Gallery should have provoked discussion by his egotism; and not only led to the change of his proposed line of front, already given up by the authorities, but opened the whole question of site, and style, and capacity, to the public. It is indeed no longer, if it ever were, a matter of dispute between Mr. Wilkins and Opinion; the individual is not of the

slightest importance: the thing to be considered is a projected national measure of the deepest interest, as it relates to our taste, our status in the scale of civilisation and polity, and our common sense in providing a present receptacle, and a future home, suitable for the treasures possessed and to be produced by a great and enlightened people.

Though, therefore, we cannot avoid alluding to the artist referred to, and that we fear in no very courteous tone, we do trust that the paramount objects involved in this examination, and pressed upon us by innumerable letters, will justify our proceeding with it more on general grounds, for the benefit of the arts, and the saving of public money, too likely to be squandered on an incongruous, misplaced, and insufficient structure.

Egotism, says Schiller, is the greatest poverty of a created being; and as Mr. Wilkins, in this light, is an excessively poor man, we are sorry to press hard upon him. But if we apply a remedy to his affliction, he must be, at least partially, the better and the richer for it. And this is the more needed, as one letter informs us he is busily distributing a pamphlet among members of parliament and persons of rank and influence, in order to persuade them into the patronage of his views; and our correspondent adds, "it was by the very same means that he first obtained the order for the National Gallery, and other extensive commissions."

By being obliged to throw back his line, the ground allotted to Mr. Wilkins for the erection of the National Gallery and Royal Academy is so diminished, that, if executed, the structure could be nothing but a narrow slip, almost the length of a street, and not more than the width of a moderate-sized dwelling-house! And this is seriously proposed for the reception and exhibition of all we have or ever shall have of ancient and modern art; for the accommodation of the Royal Academy establishment; and, we believe, for other purposes! From the back windows of half the range it will be possible to shake hands, across a *cul de sac*, (how eligible for every nuisance in this populous part of the town!) with the paupers in the work-house; and at the western end, the quiet and studious artist may easily mete his maul-stick with the bayonet, or interchange his brush and pallet with the sponge and pipe-clay of the noise-loving soldier in the barrack against which he abuts.

Such are the inconveniences of this site, noble and central as it is, that without the prospect of being able, as occasion may require, to pull down the poor-house and barracks, and open into a spacious square in the rear; it is decidedly objectionable for the completion of Mr. Wilkins' plan, or even for either half of it, a National Gallery, or a Royal Academy. In this dilemma it has been suggested that the British Museum, finished towards the street, offers the fittest situation for the former, as our national paintings would there be closely associated with the glorious sculptures and other congenial works of the ancient world. In this case, the Royal Academy might form the side of Trafalgar Square; but many persons of the most distinguished taste and judgment would prefer the Regent's Park as a site for both or either. The notion that any collection of sufficient merit to excite the curiosity of visitors would be out of the way there, appears to be unfounded: witness the example of the Zoological Gardens so numerously attended, of the Colosseum, and of the Diorama. And we must not lose sight of the grand principle, that the lasting preservation of paintings depends much upon the purity

of the air, and that nothing tends to their destruction more rapidly than the smoke and filth of a crowded city. These matters are consequently well worth the serious attention of the legislature, before any design is embarked in by which the public money may be misapplied and wasted.

Before we go any farther with our own remarks, we will quote a part of one of the many communications we have had on this subject.

"It is very possible that my objection to this change of line may, as with other objectors, arise from extreme 'ignorance'—and particularly of the 'plan of the site'; it may be so, although I am intimately acquainted with the site itself, and may be the more *opiniativeness* accordingly, and thence object to 'a deviation from the original line,' long ago proposed for the first 'public building of great importance,' which required no sacrifice of St. Martin's Church, nor submission to the 'S.E. angle of the College of Physicians,' nor to the 'S.W. angle of Duncannon Street,' nor would it have been a line of street at all, as Mr. Wilkins very well knows; and he knows further, that it is his own desire that it shall never form one.\* What! build before his 'public building of great importance,' and shut out the best possible view of it from the S.E. angle of the Club-house, being the corner of Cocksput Street!!!

"To be very candid, I quite agree with Mr. Wilkins that, in his view of the subject, he will not be at all concerned even though his public 'building of great importance' should wholly shut out a public building of certainly some importance—namely, St. Martin's Church; but I do not agree with him that there 'are so very few persons in London who have had opportunities of seeing porticos, and comparing the effects they severally produce, and therefore think that St. Martin's Church is a fine specimen of architecture.' No doubt he has seen wonderful porticos abroad; such, perhaps, as nobody else has seen, or having seen, not examined with the classic 'eye of taste.' I think Mr. Wilkins is a member of the Travellers' Club.

"Surely he does not mean to say that no building can possess architectural merits beyond what can be found in its portico, and that only when it is a faithful copy of an Athenian temple, perhaps unfaithfully recorded by travellers both old and young. And must a work in architecture necessarily have a portico at all to possess any merit? Pity of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, for it has none! Must such parts necessarily be close copies of the Athenian? Pity of the portico of the Pantheon at Rome, and of all the porticos of that stupendous nursery of architectural art! Pity of Italy—pity of Paladio—for Scamozzi there is no hope!

"It is to be feared that a portico, like an *ignis fatuus*, is always scintillating before Mr. W.'s eyes, consisting of ten Corinthian Cyprian-like columns, with a remarkable low pediment, and with THE LONDON UNIVERSITY, BY WILLIAM WILKINS, deeply sculptured on its 'epistylum,' which, translated for the benefit of the vulgar, means, Mr. Wilkins says, the architrave, and there he is certainly right. This columnal phantom seems to have produced by its brilliance a sort of spurious blindness, that shuts out other porticos from his sight; for he gravely assures us that he has carefully examined, but did not see that even ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL has a portico, but only a *non-descript* sort of thing in front. The beautiful

\* Mr. Wilkins is rather unfortunate in his changes of line, or at least his employers are, if we are not misinformed in the fact that an alteration of this sort at St. George's Hospital created an additional expense of several thousand pounds.—*Ed. L. G.*

south and north porticos, of course, he did not see at all. He does, indeed, confess that he did see one portico—that of St. Pancras Church—a copy from an authority at Athens. That, indeed, he did see, and saw that it was *not so good as his own*. How could it be?—it is Ionic, and has not so many pillars; it has, however, a negatively redeeming quality, for it has *no windows!!!* No doubt the 'public building of great importance' will have a yet more beautiful portico than the University.\* *It may have two more columns to it—number must have weight in architectural criticism—but they may be excessive—for, to his 'experienced eye,' the thing at St. Paul's has too many.*

"Escaping Mr. Wilkins' cant of criticism, intended to prostrate the fair claims of St. Martin's for the architectural merits that it has so long maintained, and will continue to enjoy, in spite of the specious, but unsound and unprofessional censure against its adjunct portico—for an adjunct it is, as is also that at the University. Escaping, I say, from the cant which terms the spire a Gothic one,† when the critic really means no such thing, and other such aberrations from good taste and good sense, it will be well to examine what all this quarrel with St. Martin's Church is about; why he abuses the portico, the pediment, the spire, and the steps, by which the bases of the columns are only sufficiently linked together.

"Every artist, whether he be painter, sculptor, or architect, duly appreciates the effect of contrast; in each art it is an essential ingredient of the individual work, and on this account all fear the influence of its neighbour-work, when they come in contact with each other. It is an alarm at this contrast that has induced Mr. Wilkins to forego a little of his professional modesty, and induced him so to vituperate the Vitruvian, the Roman, or, if it so pleases him, the Italian graces of St. Martin's Church, and to use poor Schneider as a fulcrum, by which to prostrate Vitruvius, his authority, and the practice of all his followers from the re-establishment of the architectural art in his era to the present day.

"When I submit that Mr. Wilkins fears the contrast, it is not because I can for a moment believe that he doubts that his 'public building of great importance' will not be by far the most corresponding with the present taste, and altogether the best—nay, the most beautiful of the two—I had almost said of any other; but because he fears it will, as the artists say, 'fight' with it—that is, operate by comparison, to injure some of its qualities—doubtless excellent when let alone; thus making some of the features of his design smaller or larger, or thicker or thinner, or higher or lower, or richer or meaner, than in their own relative proportions they would assume, and in which he properly wishes they should not be disturbed; but is it *just* that he should asperse the character of St. Martin's, besides shutting it out from public view?

"But for this neighbourhood—this approximation, this alarm at suffering by almost juxtaposition—but for this fear of the fight—the portico would have been as safe from Mr. W.'s attack as that of the Post-office, or of St. John's, Shoreditch; St. George's, Hanover Square; St. George's, Bloomsbury; or that of any saint

\* It is to have the old one of Carlton House; given to Mr. Wilkins to spare expense, but the patching and repairing of which will cost as much as its first price when made.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Yet we are ready to insist that Mr. Wilkins is the architect of all others the most eligible to build spires. Why? asks the reader. Do ye give it up? Because none other could approach him in the *Vane*.—*Ed.*



in the calendar. These, not like St. Martin's, are no nuisances to him,—but he should reflect that he goes to the nuisance.

"Now, Mr. Wilkins knows very well the injurious consequences of irrelativeness of proportions in an individual work, and can form a pretty just idea of the effect that St. Martin's will have on his own, and his own on St. Martin's; but he is too wary to expose this knowledge, and too modest to say that he would shut out St. Martin's from pure motives of charity. Yet, the SAINT was a charitable man; for chronicles say that he gave half his cloak in charity to St. Giles—the ungrateful Mr. Wilkins tried to rob him of half his portico—the mantle of his church.

"As Mr. Wilkins has particularly enumerated those parts of the portico—portico! I am almost weary of the word, and would willingly wish, with Mr. W., that the portico of the University should perform a similar miracle to the rod of Moses, and swallow all the rest. I again say, as he has particularised those parts only which can come in competition with his own work, unless sufficiently mutilated or shut out by it—we are informed wherein lie his fears—as a discreet and prudent architect—he fears that the spaces between the columns (two diameters and a half) being so improperly wide—(this was never discovered by the congregation) and having, as he avers, a 'stradling effect,' will do him mischief; as his portico—and he honestly tells us that he intends to favour us with another—finest—in London) as his portico will have an inter-columniation of only two diameters, thence his columns may seem to be too close, and not straddle enough. The portico is of course to have a pediment, and of course the Asiatic slope, for its covering; and he knows that if he introduces this in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's, the elevated character of its pediment will make his own appear 'flat and unprofitable,' and he dare not escape the trammels of Grecian authorities, he has pinned himself to them in spite of snow, rain, and common sense. But the spire—the GOTHIC SPIRE—there no forlorn hope can bestow a gleam of expectation—the spire will overgrow his insipid dome, and united with the portico and its steps, he knows that his 'public building of great importance' must rely on its own real merits, and endure the alarming consequences. And let me tell Mr. Wilkins that its just claims will be as justly appreciated and duly honoured by the good taste of the public, if he does not persist in sacrificing the work of another and great artist to any interested purpose. Alas! even for the perfections of Mr. Wilkins himself, if future architects shall as unwarrantably endeavour to obstruct the view of his 'public buildings,' an alarm that we may conclude exists in his mind at the present moment, and fills it with terror, as he tells us that it would be unpardonable to shut out the view of St. Martin's church from the corner of Cockspur Street and the Club-house; well knowing, that if that were done, the best view of his own building must necessarily be banished.

"With these observations, which contain no attack on his architectural works, and as yet quite in good humour with Mr. Wilkins, for he has not yet perpetrated his intended great public injury; and trusting that the many expressions of judicious opinion which have been exhibited, and must have met his eye, will be appreciated and respected, I lay down my pen." The writer has not spared the vanity of Mr. Wilkins; but as that gentleman did not spare it himself, we are the less unwilling to respond

to the personal argument. But we should be sorry to think that Mr. Wilkins' skill as an architect should be tried by his folly as a writer. The former is liable to as many criticisms as he has urged against others; the latter only shews, that a clever and not uneducated or inexperienced builder may err into interested motives or exclusive theories so far as to blind his perceptions and level his talent. He cannot pen a paragraph without committing a blunder. In blaming our engraving of his Gallery, he tells us it is wrong, for that "in the original there are nine niches, intended hereafter for statues of the muses, on each side of the central portico." Eighteen Muses are thus to be provided—the model exhibits them; whereas, with all our mistakes, we could only have got five on each side of the portico, making the King's Mews the tenth.

And Mr. Wilkins also tells us that he has always considered that the design of a building should, as much as possible, "denote the purpose for which it is erected;" for which reason, we imagine, he thinks the present design for a temple of the fine arts ought to have the same indicative slices of pilasters which "denote" the education of Downing College, the more popular studies of the London University, and the curing of diseases at St. George's Hospital. They are all alike in architecture, whatever Mr. Wilkins may desire us to fancy they "denote."

It is not easy to surmise what style Mr. Wilkins really advocates—it seems to be his own Greek; for, while he tests every thing else by the purest models, he departs from them in all he has done, and in all he projects. Archways, a parapet, balusters, a dome, and twenty other vagaries, remove his plan as much from the classic Greek, as the church he would have spoiled, or the Vitruvian he vituperates. We do not complain of these innovations, but of their being perpetrated under false pretences of an idolatry, and a theory that it is no matter what you sacrifice for a nearer approach to the pure Greek. The application of the arch, and of the capabilities of Roman, Palladian, and other styles of architecture, to modern and domestic uses (so different from the ancient), is the perfection of the art in an architect. One ignorant of this is a servile and absurd imitator.

The Greek, in plain truth, is essentially a one-storied style, and, consequently, unless carefully balanced with surrounding objects, a style the most unfit for public edifices in the midst of high and crowded buildings. Mr. Wilkins felt this, and he thought that by half-hiding St. Martin's portico, he might remove half a contrast. Why did not he try to hide the whole? The depth of its pronos and its grand dimensions, seen, as they should be, as the spectator advances from the Opera colonnade, would be fatal to his hobby; and all the scientific hypotheses and ground-plans in the

\* On this point, by the by, a very intelligent artist has informed us of the source of Mr. Wilkins' crowing over our imperfect representation. He says: "How was your draughtman led into the error of making the building appear shorter than the model?"

"Happening to look in when the whole of the model was disclosed, I objected to the ends as unnecessarily weak and flimsy. After some discussion, I was informed that those ends were not decided on; that in consequence of various remarks, Mr. Wilkins had consented to alter them; and further, that sheets of blotting paper, (which somehow were then removed,) had been placed over those ends by Mr. Wilkins himself. To prevent further criticism on that point, and to tally with Mr. Wilkins' intention, the papers were immediately (in my presence) replaced." Our young friend, therefore, could not fairly be blamed for not representing that which was purposely concealed. We neglected the eighteen muses, and omitted the meagre flanks, covered with whitish-brown.—E.

world will never beat common sense out of this plain and obvious truth. With regard to the abandoned line, it is hardly worth another word; but as Mr. Wilkins contends that he altered it for the sake of making the square symmetrical, we will only say that the fudge is laughable. A symmetrical square is utterly impossible here, with every side of different architecture and altitudes—with new-fashioned club-houses, and old shops on the Westminster side—a cheap-ten-warehouse, and a pastry-cook's in brick aquinting at the Physicians in stone: the argument was a refuge for the destitute. A great mind, instead of a little one, would despise the pretence of symmetry (whether to cover necessity or jobbery); and the man of genius who has travelled, as we believe Mr. Wilkins has, and remembered Milan with its cathedral, Verona with the Maffei palace, Rome with the Monte Citorio, and indeed almost every great and imposing area of the kind, would have found in all he had seen, strong reasons for combining varied elements in a striking whole, rather than for endeavouring to blend together unlike things, "for the sake of uniformity." The former, art and talent would demand; the latter, so much of business and profit as circumstances rendered expedient.

On the whole, we arrive at these conclusions:—That the National Gallery and the Royal Academy ought not to be conjoined in one building; that the erection of a low Greek edifice is very questionable for any purpose on the proposed site; that the archways, in the model, not to mention other absurdities, would be utterly destructive of the predominating style, and ought not to be allowed; that it is well worth consideration, whether the British Museum and the Regent's Park do not offer more eligible sites for both purposes; and that before one stone is laid upon another at Charing Cross, the whole sum which should be expended on the design ought to be clearly voted, and care taken to ascertain the possibility and cost of enlarging it, as future circumstances might require.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE ought, a fortnight since, to have recorded the resignation of the Professorship of Painting by that excellent artist and estimable individual Mr. Phillips. He is succeeded by the secretary, Mr. Howard, whose beautiful works of poesy and imagination have so long adorned our native school.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. With Historical and Critical Descriptions and Disquisitions by Allan Cunningham. Number VII.*

THE plates in the present number, viz. "Dutch Village," Jacob Ruysdael, in the collection of Sir Abraham Hume; "St. Martin dividing his Cloak," Rubens, in his Majesty's collection; and "a Landscape," Gaspar Poussin, in the collection of Mr. Ludgate; are much superior to those in the last number. There is great pith in some of Mr. Cunningham's remarks. For instance, no one who has ever attempted to criticise works of art can fail to acknowledge the truth of the following:—"The best painter never fell farther below Milton and Shakespeare in expressing their sentiments, than the ablest writer falls below the noblest painting in explaining it."

*Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Part V. Tilt.*

In our descriptions of the various exhibitions

of this Society, we have noticed the admirable drawings, viz. "Storm clearing off," by Copley Fielding; "Fisherman's Hut," by W. Evans; and "Red Deer in the Pass of Glencoe," by G. F. Robson and R. Hills; which form the subjects of the present part. We have therefore only to say, that complete justice has been done to them by Messrs. W. B. Cooke, C. Fox, E. Webb, and B. P. Gibbon. — *Apropos des bottles*. — Is not this the publication of the Society itself? If so, is not the praise bestowed in the annexed remarks on the several works (praise which their obvious excellence would, under any circumstances, render unnecessary), somewhat indelicate?

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

Dr. Pangloss.

*The Duchess of Kent.* Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. from a picture by R. Rothwell, R.H.A. Dickinson.

THE expression is exceedingly pleasing; and the costume and effect are calculated, no less than the amiable character of the royal original, to render this a popular print.

*The Hon. Lady Elizabeth Harcourt.* Painted by George Hayter. Drawn on stone by W. Sharp. Dickinson.

A VERY beautiful and graceful portrait of a very beautiful and graceful woman.

*The Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* Engraved by J. Bromley, from a Painting by T. Phillips, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

AN admirable work; simple, yet not the less dignified and commanding; presenting in every respect the just character of a bishop of the church of England.

*Barber's Picturesque Illustrations of the Isle of Wight.* With Descriptions, forming a complete Guide to the Traveller and Tourist. No. 1. Simpkin and Marshall.

"COWES," the "Needles and Scratchell's Bay," and "Appuldurcombe Park," are the small but pleasingly-executed illustrations of the first number of Mr. Barber's work.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, the fair Terese and Fanny Elsler were brought forward, to shew the British public that German limbs might be as supple as French, and grace, activity, and beauty, belong to a country with performers from which we have only very recently become acquainted. After *Matilda di Shabran*, in which, by the by, De Begnis is a capital and characteristic representative of the poor Italian poet,—the ballet of Faust introduced these celebrated dancers to our stage. Terese, the tallest, is we think the best artist, and Fanny the most beautiful. Several new steps and positions obtained loud and general applause; and the sisters had reason to be gratified by their reception, and the public with them.

On Thursday the first German opera of the season, *Der Freischütz*, presented us with most of the talent and novelty we mentioned last week. Madame Firscher possesses a charming voice, and her *Agatha* was one of the finest which could be witnessed. We cannot say so much of the *Annenen* by Mdle. Nina Sonntag, who was painted after the fashion of old Grimaldi, and did not make amends for her face by her song. Köcker, Blume, and Binder, were the *Cuno*, *Caspar*, and *Max*; the first has a delightful organ, and both the others did justice to the acting and music. The choruses,

as last year, were splendidly given; and the whole entertainment afforded a treat of a high order.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

THE new farce of the *Kentuckian*, by Mr. Bernard, was admirably acted on the first night, and has been gradually rising in popularity ever since. When Mr. Hackett appeared at Drury Lane, we stated the highly favourable impression made upon us by that display of his talent; but there was what the blackguards of the prize-ring call a cross in the business; and the performer, excellent as were his delineations of character, was seen at that theatre no more. Its rival has now afforded him an opportunity of shewing of what stuff he was made; and he has fully justified our expectations. The *Kentuck*, the Gascon of the United States, is a very peculiar and amusing being; and most naturally and laughably does Mr. Hackett exhibit his peculiarities. The colouring is not overcharged, though replete with tone; and the humour is possessed of a quiet force which must be seen to be felt. The part is dressed well, looked well, and performed well; and we only wish we could give our readers any idea of the drollery of the following *Specimens of Kentuck*, so admirably delivered by Mr. Hackett, with the emphasis regularly imposed in the wrong place.

I can out-talk any man in the United States, and give him half-an-hour's start.

I have had a speech to soak these six months.

I am all brimstone but my head, and that's aquafortis.

His threats when about to fight a duel:

Pistols! pistols are trumpery; they lodge a ball in a man's body, and wound his feelings! a rifle, now, sends it clean through, and no mistake.

Stranger, I'll bet you 500 dollars I hits you between your eyes without touching your nose.

Half a mile? Do you want me to strain my rifle?

Uncle, don't you know I can out-eat any man in the States? I wish he'd staid till I untied my neckcloth; I'd have swallowed him whole.

You are like a new pen, and I'll use you up to the stump.

Stranger, if you think to turn me, you may as well row up the Falls of Niagara in a fish-kettle, with a crow-bar for an oar.

I say, stranger, if you try to get through that ere sand-bank, I guess you'll burst your boiler.

I can outgrin a wild cat. I was in a managerie once: stranger, says I, talk o' your wild cats grinning; look here, says I, and I gave one of 'em a look, and he turned on his back and died.

Vanity, thy name is woman!—that's Shakespeare, and he is a screamer.

He'd ride through a crab-apple orchard or a flash of lightning.

My father can whip any man in Kentuck, and I—I can whip my father.

Stranger, if you keep your mouth so wide open, I guess you'll sun-burn your teeth.

I never owned a Nigger; but I borrowed one once: he'd a fever and an ague; the fever stopt, but the ague left him, he was so tarnation lazy he wouldn't shake.

If you plant a crow-bar over night in Kentuck it will sprout tenpenny nails next morning.

Give us some music 300 horse power.

I give him such a tanner he disappeared, and nothing was found but a spot of grease on the ground.

If it warn't true, may I be tetotaceously unfunctified.

Stick me into a split log for a wedge.

I was going along the swamp one day, and I see a white hat moving on the mud in a pretty considerable queer way. So I just whipped it up with the but-end o' my whip.

Hallo, stranger, who axed you to knock my hat off? says a voice. Hallo! says I, where's the rest o' you? In the next country; and there's a waggon, and a team of horses under me.

I belong to the Temperance Society; but its only between drinks.

Description of his Kentuck sweetheart:

She! she is a feeler! she kill'd a bear when she was thirteen, and now she'll whip her weight in wild cats.

Mrs. Gibbs plays a sort of Mrs. Trollope with her wonted discrimination and skill. Miss Lee had little to do; but looked lovely enough for the heroine of any country, in the old world or the new; and Forrester, Durnest, F. Mathews, and Turnour (a free black waiter), filled up the measure of a very original and entertaining farce.

##### ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. ARNOLD, while his own house is raising, has announced his intention of opening at the Adelphi.

*Dramatic Authors.*—Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better protection of dramatic authors: it might have been for their protection, without the "better," for at present they have no protection at all. The same honourable member, whose exertions are so likely to benefit the literature he adorns, has also obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better regulation of the laws regulating dramatic performances. To give the lord chamberlain, instead of magistrates, the control of a circle of twenty miles round London, to proportion the licenser's fees on plays, songs, &c.; and provide that all theatres may be open to act the regular drama.

##### SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE season is still heavy and dull, but there are some lively and other sights to be seen in the way of exhibitions: we took a tour this week, and saw, among the *lively*, our old friends the Industrious Fleas, not the worse for wear, not at all rusticated in their manners by their absence from the purlieus of fashion, but improved in beauty, colour, health, and spirits, by their country excursions. They have also acquired great accomplishments, as may be seen in their siege of Antwerp, (Chassé and Gerard riding on the late fleas of Wellington and Buonaparte?) and in their fancy ball, where sea-ladies and flea-beaux dance to a flea-band.

Talking of the siege of Antwerp, a fine and spirited view thereof has just been produced by Mr. Burford, as a panorama, in Leicester Square. The private view was on Thursday, and the military visitors seemed to be delighted with the work—of destruction. For our parts, gratified with so visible a representation of this great calamity, we could not help relieving our minds with another view of the charming Panorama of Stirling. The contrast is fine, and we would not advise our friends to see any one of them. They will do better to see both.

The big boy, lectured so at the Royal Academy, has retired to the Oxford Street Royal Bazar, where his inches may be measured, and his avoidupois ascertained, by the curious. He is certainly a great object of one hundred and ninety-eight pounds weight; bulky, yet pleasing withal; and, as the proprietors say, very like what Hercules was at his age, a long time ago.

In Bond Street, nearly vis-à-vis the wonderful microscope, we pitched upon an exhibition of beautiful carving in wood. It is modern, and consists of poetical and historical subjects, treated pictorially. The subjects are all eminently pleasing, and deserving of notice; and one, of a blind man, with a lame one on his back, remarkable for its true expression. The Maid of Orleans receiving the consecrated banner, the execution of Lady Jane Gray, Sir Roger de Coverley going to church, &c. are the other pieces: most of them are full of character, and some of the figures admirable for the material—the wood of the lime-tree. David and Abigail alone offended us by the dreadful violation of costume. The ingenuity and perseverance of the artist, however, are richly entitled to public encouragement.

In Regent Street (122), we examined the model of a very clever design for exhibiting to advantage the exquisite papyro-museum, of

which we last year spoke so highly, in Bond Street. We hope to see this unique and characteristic design completed.

**Mr. Martin's Paintings.**—We rejoice to learn that Mr. Martin, shut out as he has been, of other opportunities of exhibiting his splendid works, is about to form a gallery of them for the public gratification. Their effect when seen together must, we think, be of the grandest and most striking character.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Abbotsford Subscription.**—Notwithstanding the interference of a general election, and the engrossing interest of political affairs, we rejoice to find that the subscription for the perpetuation of Abbotsford, with its library and museum, the darling objects of the immortal Scott, in his line and name for ever, has been gradually growing to such an amount as to induce the sub-committee of management to summon a general meeting for next month, for the purpose of laying a report of their proceedings, and its progress, before them. Edinburgh, Melrose, and other places, have adopted the cause; and we look to see this noble design accomplished in a manner worthy of the age in which we live, and the latest posterity indebted to it for the preservation of so interesting a memorial.

**Poole.**—It has, it is said, been ascertained, by the recent discovery of some ancient coins, that Poole, not the dramatist, but the town, existed at the time the Romans were in Britain, and was known to them.

**Weather-Gage.**—It was at the battle of Shys, our earliest great maritime victory, gained by Edward III. over the French, that the importance of the weather-gage was first understood and seized.

**Selections from the German, &c.**—Life is a flower-garden, in which new blossoms are ever opening as fast as others fade. Nature is the mirror of the Invisible One.—*Witschel.*

The first fault man commits is to take theories for experience; the second to consider his own experience as that of all.—*Mensel.*

Where children are, is a golden age.—*No. vales.*

Between congenial minds, dissensions are most painful, as discords are the harsher the nearer they approach to concord.—*Jean Paul.*

Anger wishes the human race had but one neck, love but one heart, grief two tears, and pride two bended knees.—*Ibid.*

Two things fill my mind with ever new and increasing admiration and veneration, the oftener and more constantly they occupy my thoughts—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.—*Kant.*

Forgiveness is the finding again of something lost; misanthropy, a prolonged suicide.—*Schiller.*

There are moments in our life when we feel inclined to press to our bosom every flower, and every distant star, every worm, and every darkly imaged loftier spirit—an embracing of all nature like our beloved.—*Ibid.*

In his gods man paints himself.—*Ibid.*

Without humility, man is a perpetual lie.—*Gellert.*

**Pilchards.**—During the past winter there was a most remarkable occurrence on the coast of Cornwall. The pilchard fishery terminates in the month of September; after which time the fish entirely disappears. To the astonishment of the oldest fishermen, on a calm day, in the middle of December, numerous shoals of

pilchards suddenly appeared in Mount's Bay. The well known cry of "heva" was instantly raised, the nets hurried from the cellars, where they had been housed for the winter; the people said it was the mercy of heaven, for they had just been wasted by the cholera, and were in poverty and despair. The women and children, as the boats pushed off, lined the shore with joyful cries: in a short time the nets enclosed the fish, to the amount of six or eight thousand hogheads. It was strange and novel, in a dreary December day, to see the bay covered with boats, and the hills with eager spectators; for the fishermen had bargained with the owners of the seines, that half the fish should belong to the poor families. A similar event occurred eighty years since on the same spot; but its remembrance had almost passed away. So high did the fish in one part approach, that some of the captive shoals floated in dense array near the rocks. Not one net was broken by their struggles for liberty;—in which case myriads will rush out, baffling all the hopes of the captor, who sees thousands of pounds gliding in an instant from his grasp. The pilchards were scarcely taken up and cellared—a work that generally occupies several days—when an immense quantity of mackerel came into the bay, as welcome and, in regard to the season, as untimely. They were caught in nets to the amount of many thousands: every family was thus richly supplied. There was not a hovel from the Land's End to the Lizard but had its winter stock of choice food; for such is the love of the Cornish for this kind of diet, that when, some years since, during a season of great distress, soup was liberally provided for their use in one of the towns, the poor turned from it with disdain. If it had been salt pilchards or mackerel, they said, they would have been thankful or content—but *soup*—that might do for the French, but it should not touch their lips.

**The Assassins.**—M. Von Hammer's remarkable History of the Order of the Assassins, has, we perceive, been translated into French. It is a shame to our literature that this author's curious and important researches in Oriental history are not more known in England. He lived thirty-six years among the Turks, studying their records with German perseverance. Would not an English version of his complete History of Turkey be appropriate at this period, when the elements of that empire are thrown into a chaos, out of which great changes must spring?

**Wonderful Invention.**—A watchmaker, of the name of Buschmann, living at Eisenberg, not far from Attenburg in Saxony, has contrived a piece of machinery, which, without the assistance of steam, has been found strong enough to move a heavily laden waggon, placed in a fresh-ploughed field, with the greatest ease, although sixteen horses could not stir it. The machine may be easily handled, and the vehicle moved by it most safely managed. The inventor has been offered 200,000 dollars for the secret; but as he had obtained patents from all the principal German governments, he has refused all offers.

**Astronomy.**—At a late meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, after going through some interesting but less important matters, Professor Airy gave an account, illustrated by models and diagrams, of his recent researches concerning the mass of Jupiter, by means of observations of the fourth satellite. It was observed, that the proportion of the quantity of matter of Jupiter to that of the Sun, is the most important datum in our rea-

sonings concerning the solar system, after the elements of the planetary orbits. But though this is the case, considerable uncertainty has recently prevailed concerning this quantity. In his statement the learned professor described the various adjustments which he found it necessary carefully to make, in order to ensure the requisite degree of accuracy in the observations, and the difficulty and embarrassment which occurred in consequence of considerable errors which exist both in the signs and in the numerical values of Laplace's theory of the satellites of Jupiter. Finally, all these difficulties were overcome; and the result is, that the mass of Jupiter is most probably 1-1050th of the Sun, 1-1054th (Nicolai's determination) being much less probable, and 1-1070th (Laplace's) very improbable.

**Lobsters.**—Southey mentions in his Naval History, that "naval war, since the introduction of gunpowder, has affected the lobsters. After a great naval action the fishermen say that those on the adjacent coast are found to have cast their claws, and for a while they forsake those parts."

**French Orthography.**—The French are noted for their singular perversion of English names; the custom is of old standing, for Froissart used to spell Oxford Acquessuffort.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A posthumous work by the late M. Davids, author of the Turkish Grammar (whose death at the close of that publication we mentioned and deplored) is announced, to be edited by his mother: it is a Lecture on the Philosophy of the Jews, delivered about two years ago.

Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, by James Montgomery.

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The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Isaac Watts, D.D. with Notices of many of his Contemporaries, &c.

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